"[Palahniuk] takes some of our greatest shortcomings . . . then magnifies and underlines them in fractured skulls and drunken vomit."—PLAYBOY

FIGHT CLUB 3™

CHUCK PALAHNIUK CAMERON STEWART

DAVE McCAIG NATE PIEKOS DAVID MACK

HELLO
MY NAME IS
SALTHAZAR

FIGHT CLUB 3™

FIGHT CLUB 3™

The Masterpiece Gambit

Story by
CHUCK PALAHNIUK

Art by
CAMERON STEWART

Colors by
DAVE McCAIG

Letters and logo by
NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®

Cover and chapter break art by
DAVID MACK

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Published by Dark Horse Books
A division of Dark Horse Comics LLC
10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222

First edition: April 2020
Digital ISBN 978-1-50671-180-5

DarkHorse.com
Advertising Sales: (503) 905-2315
Comic Shop Locator Service: Comicshoplocator.com

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Printed in Korea

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This edition collects *Fight Club 3*™ issues #1–12.

INTRODUCTION

Looking back over the last thirty years on the writers and works that significantly changed contemporary fiction, there are surprisingly few genuine contenders. Most of what is referred to as "serious literature" tends to come bundled with the obligatory supplement that the said work is "life affirming." This usually means an avowal of the lifestyles and values of the (decreasing) population with both the time and attention spans to read "serious literature," i.e., the bookish section of the bourgeoisie, of either conservative or liberal bent. Such people are the ones who tend to read, publish, and critique novels.

The secular decline of the novel as a cultural powerhouse is pretty much undisputed. In our turbulent but conformist times, corporate retail power finds it easier to promote escapist genre fiction, with novelists writing into "horror," "crime and thriller," or "romance" slots—literal spaces in the bookstores that punt those units out to the public. Another consideration is that the long-form TV series is *de facto* the new novel; now books are primarily pitches for screen adaptation and have only a significant commercial life as plump teaser leaflets for sequel-fixated TV production. But as in all things in the neoliberal west, the underlying truth of the socio-economic argument is rarely advanced: what is habitually and often pompously described as "serious fiction" is in itself nothing more than a genre. We may as well call it *posh fiction*. Writing about upper-middle-class characters falling in or out of love (preferably in sense-evocative backgrounds where the bourgeoisie habitually holiday, like select parts of Mexico and the Caribbean, Tuscany, the south of France, Greece, etc.) remains standard literary prize-winning fare. These mid-brow cultural equivalents of holiday snaps have been augmented by a patronizing, imperialistic welcoming of "third world" writers, often western-educated blacks and Asians from an elite socio-economic class within their host countries, in order to foster the mirage of "multi-cultural inclusivity" so beloved of the white liberal tastemakers.

With few exceptions, those sort of contemporary novels are not thematically diverse, offering up the same archetypal characters with their obligatory noble struggles. It's difficult to see how this can be otherwise, with the insidious "professionalization" of the arts. Now writing degrees are offered by almost every university, inviting middle-class kids to get their parents' money, savings, and homes signed up to the banks. Like health care and housing, education has gone from being about, well, *education*, to its current incarnation as a brazen scam, relating almost solely to the transfer of wealth from those groups to the 1%.

And as all this has gone on, we've replaced genuine transgression with bogus outrage and the cheap high of the dopamine smash on our social media accounts, where we parade our neuroses for others to laugh at, ignore, or identify with. What does all this produce? Near robots in a post-art society: raging against the dying of the light of true humanity. Fighting against becoming the very thing that is technologically designed to replace us: the silicon-based life forms that will more efficiently spread our virus of conquest, control, and subjugation into outer space. But to really transgress, to *feel* something again, to go to the local boxing club and jab, and to get hit, enduring the beauty and ugliness of that shared violation. Is there any thrill that can truly live up to its name if it isn't a visceral one? Is there anything more honest, more human?

This long-winded (but necessary) preamble brings us on to the work of one of the most important writers of our time, Chuck Palahniuk. His writing speaks foremost to the first (and subsequent) generations of Americans to be poorer than their parents. It's strange for someone of my age group in Western Europe to comprehend that is where the (white) American dream ended up; rich old ruddy-skinned men and their withered Stepford wives and plastic android mistresses, coveting everything while hating the (brown, black, yellow) incomers that were supposed to be liberated through coming to this country. The *Fight Club* generation was the first battalion of working and middle-class American kids used and bartered by a corporate system benefiting the super-rich. Where being an American means paying off a lifetime of debt to those banks for loans for the meaningless degrees required to work retail at increasingly lower wages, heading toward zero, while the tax contributions of the 1% go in the same direction. The other option—of not going to college at all—now generally involves endless hustles on the margins of society, unedifying involvement in ever-decreasing scams until the swaggering bonhomie of youth has been squandered, and the sad morphing into the broken and desperate street person is complete. Otherwise, the lot of youth is serfdom: to be valued only as a device to guilt-trip your parents into parting with their hard-won assets. To then have the burden of caring for zombies who will live forever thanks to big pharma's offerings, but spend their last fifty years as barely sentient pill-guzzling bags of bone.

Tyler Durden and Balthazar smashed their way into this world, MMA amateur basement warriors, losing teeth and honing their craft as they went. Resonating widely in a troubled America, less at ease with itself, then going viral, creeping into places where that culture of violence was unknown or repressed by the disapproving hierarchies, or in some cases, localities where it was endemic in the social fabric. The U.K., for example, has had its own fight clubs for generations, in the form of what

is quaintly referred to as "football hooligan mobs." These still exist today, albeit on a smaller and niche scale, in spite of the efforts of hysterical politicians and law enforcement agencies. In contemporary Britain, a Friday night punch-up will earn its participants a warning from the police. At the very worst, they might end up in the cells for the night, contusions stinging and regrets simmering, as the alcohol is slept off. Similar behavior on a Saturday afternoon, in the proximity of a football stadium, is more likely to get you five years in prison.

Yet the crisis of economy, technology, and society that characterizes the neoliberal epoch of late capitalism has been represented in fiction in much the usual way, as the tragedy of the white, late-middle-aged, educated, wealthy American man. Their concerns are *de facto* designated as the default ones of women, blacks, and also, crucially, working-class people of white European origin.

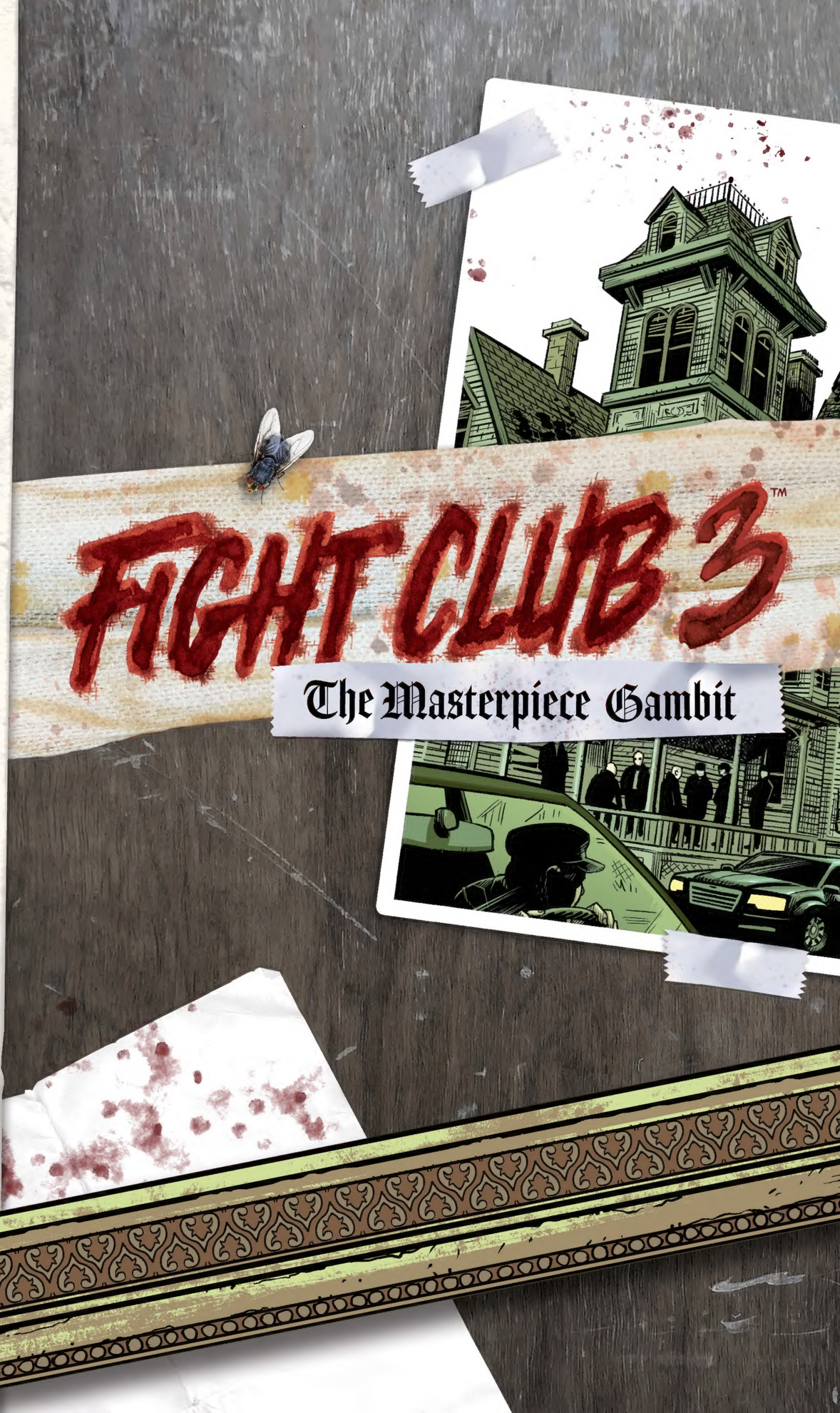
Thankfully Chuck Palahniuk and a few other writers like him were not having it. *Fight Club* brought this debt-serf, politically disenfranchised class of American youth to the center stage. His gaze at our mess of a society did not demur, and in the mirror of his fictional creations, the anger, frustration, disillusionment and horror stared us right back in the face. But additionally, the human weapons of resistance were abundantly on display, which meant that engaging with all this was so much fucking *fun*: the black humor, the visceral rage, the not giving a toss, the rampant egotism, the diverting game-playing, the *schadenfreude* we all resort to from time to time. And, most importantly, the subversion of the vanities and foibles of the powerful, pompous, and straight, all vivaciously acted out by Chuck's protagonists. That is why the Pan-like Tyler Durden became *the man*. Yes, this was literature as affirmation, *but* for a whole generation of people alienated by its traditional concerns.

Fight Club's journey was a true underground sensation, a risqué novel championed by a visionary editor (Gerry Howard) at an independent New York publishing house. Initially the resident doubters seemed set to be proven correct, as the book sold only to a dedicated but small band of aficionados. The movie suffered the same fate, and Fox only kept David Fincher's adaptation in the cinemas for a couple of weeks, in face of a tepid box office. But the film then sprang into a second life in DVD, cemented by the online chat rooms, and the "cult" of *Fight Club* was born. At this point Chuck did exactly the right thing, making a move not every writer confronted with this type of success does: he kept on writing, shaping that legacy into his own church, producing amazing, incendiary works of fiction, creating a movement not just through his prodigious output, but his extremely imaginative and highly exhaustive promotion of it. I've been privileged to join him in events down the years in the U.S.A. and U.K., and I simply don't know any other novelist who works as relentlessly hard as he does to connect with his audience. And I know a lot of hard-grafting writers.

Fight Club 2 is in the format of the graphic novel, a characteristically bold but entirely appropriate departure. Set ten years after the original, it sees the novel's narrator, now a burnt-out middle-aged shell, married by the skin of his teeth to a still bored and questing Marla. From such mundane, archetypal beginnings, the story spins into the kind of provocative madness we would expect with Tyler's reappearance, where art struggles to keep up with a real world where those who have the keys to the asylum are now too vain and sociopathic to even attempt to hide their own lunacy. *Fight Club 3* then hurtles to the only destination we can from that point: full-blown apocalypse. Depending on your stance, you will see those works as "we're fucked" proclamations, or simply cautionary tales. Taken together, the *Fight Club* trilogy delineates a Bizarro America that was once fringe, but which now seems pretty much mainstream.

When I speak to the grown-up members of the *Fight Club* tribe, they all say the same thing: this was the book that got them into literature. The immersion in obsession, addiction, and the need to punch holes in an increasingly limiting world full of everyday horror and confusion; this fuels their exuberance and passion for Chuck's work. Yes, they've read and enjoyed other writers since, and a few of them have even done well enough to love the self-protective cocoon of the bourgeois novel and its sweet, reassuring delusions. And for sure, if everybody wrote like a Chuck Palahniuk or a William S. Burroughs, then the world would be an even more troubled place than it is now. However, the key point is that some need to, and we have to give thanks for that, because literature and art also exist to challenge and to energize as well as just complacently entertain, while affirming the status quo. If we lose that driving need to kick against the pricks, then now more than ever we are monumentally fucked. The new first rule of *Fight Club* is that we really do need to talk about *Fight Club*.

Irvine Welsh
Author of *Trainspotting*
and *Dead Men's Trousers*



Chapter One: In Memoriam

MACK

SALE!!! NO MONEY DOWN FOR A LIMITED TIME!

$2990

The Daily Record

Tens of Thousands Believed Buried Ali

Dolor Set Amet Dolore Iure Reprehendit

Lorem Ipsum Sed Ut Prespiciatus

RIZE DIE ERNATIONAL

Empl of th Mon

S

mmmm

mmm

Sugar Nukes

Nutrition Facts

ugar
lukes

?

?

!

January

Sun	Mon	Tue	Thu	Fri	Sat
			◐ 2	3	4
5	6		9	○ 10	11
12					18
19	Martin Luther King Day				25
26	27		☆ 30		

Piano

Baby due on

Career Carnival Denver + Piano

Piano

Send resumes

Obstetrician 3:00pm ☆

Put out garbage!!

Piano

RIP

Stewart's ART SUPPLIES

SALE

RIP

Owen Shaw

1ST

Baskell's Bay
Art Jambo

LOVE -O

skell's Bay Communi
Art Jamboree!
January 28-29
9am - 5pm
Crafts! Needlework!
Jams & Jelli Fine Art!
eadwork! Macrame!
Oil Paintings! Watercolors!
Chainsaw Sculpture!
Gift Ideas For All Ages
Baskell's Bay Community Center

THRIFT STORE
& Donation Center

50¢

CAREER CARNIVAL

Believed
ried Alive

by PATRICK OGERSON and JUSTIN SMADE

"RIZE OR DIE" GLOBAL COUP D'ETAT THWARTED

by Enoville Prettyra

Bodies Impossible To Locate Or Recover

WISH ME LUCK...

Brother's Shooting Ruled Suicide

THESE DAYS HE CALLS HIMSELF...

Resume

Objective

Education

Prior Work Experience

Special Skills

BALTHAZAR.

Retraining Advisor

TAKE ONE

HELLO MY NAME IS
BALTHAZAR

NOT TODAY!

I'M BEGGING!

BAM

FFFT

CAREER CARNIVAL

NNOK

CRAKK

ENTOURAGE

SMAKK

WHAK

RIP

BASKE
COMM

BASKELL'S BA :OMMUNITY CENTER
GROUND FLOO

FOYER
RECEPTION
CREWEL
COMMON ROOM B
FUDGE
COMMON ROOM C
CLOTHING
DOLLS
WOODWORK
MACRAME
CHAINSAW SCULPTURE
LUNCH ROOM
EXIT
SINKS
UTILITY ROOM
MAIN HALL
EXIT
STAIRS TO 2ND FLOOR
PAINTINGS
EXIT

WHOO

...CURRENT TALLY NINE HUNDRED THIRTY THOUSAND...

...SIX-HUNDRED AND FOUR...

SLAM

MAINTENANCE

MAINTENANCE

IT WAS HORRIBLE...

THE POLICE SAID THAT THEY

THE POLICE **INSISTED**...

Entourage

NFS

SOB

GASP

DEUTSCHE REICHSBANK
1 KILO FEINGOLD 999.9

NNOK

ROT IN HELL, FUCKER...

NOT KIDNAPPING?

SO, I MISSED MY FLIGHT.

ARE YOU DRINKING?

NO.

ARE YOU SURE?

ANY JOB LEADS?

MOM?

MOM?

IS IT **REALLY** DAD?

FIND A GOOD OPENING?

I MIGHT NAIL A BEAUTIFUL ENTRY-LEVEL POSITION.

HAPPY HOUR DAILY SPECIALS:
MON - $3 PBR
TUES - $3 HI LIFE
WED - 2-4-1 SHOTS
THUR - $ LABATT
FRI - $ 4 ROSES
SAT - $3 IPA

NO CREDIT

YOU MUST BE 21 TO DRINK HERE - WE CHECK I.D.!

GO FOR IT.

WISH ME LUCK.

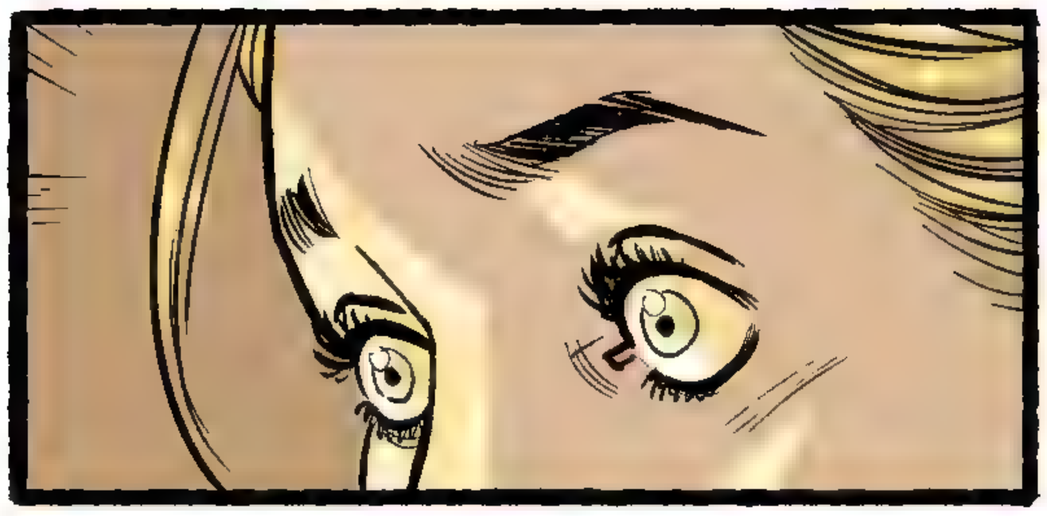
IS DAD OKAY?

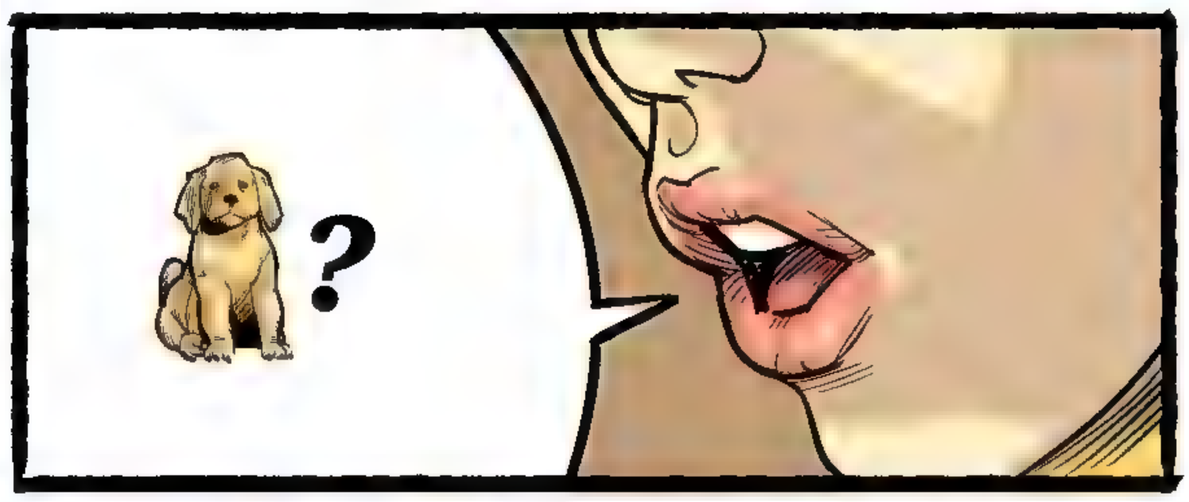
EXIT
NFS

DEUTSCHE REICHSBANK
1 KILO FEINGOLD 999.9

Push bar to open

EXIT

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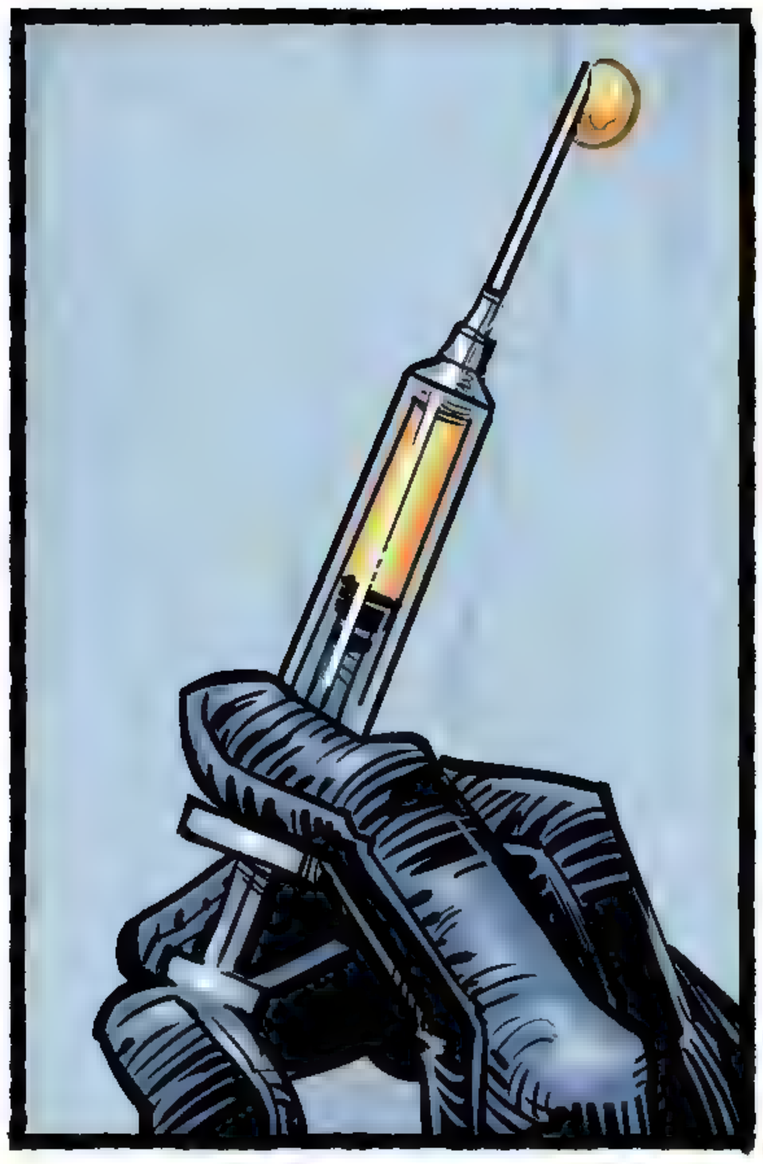

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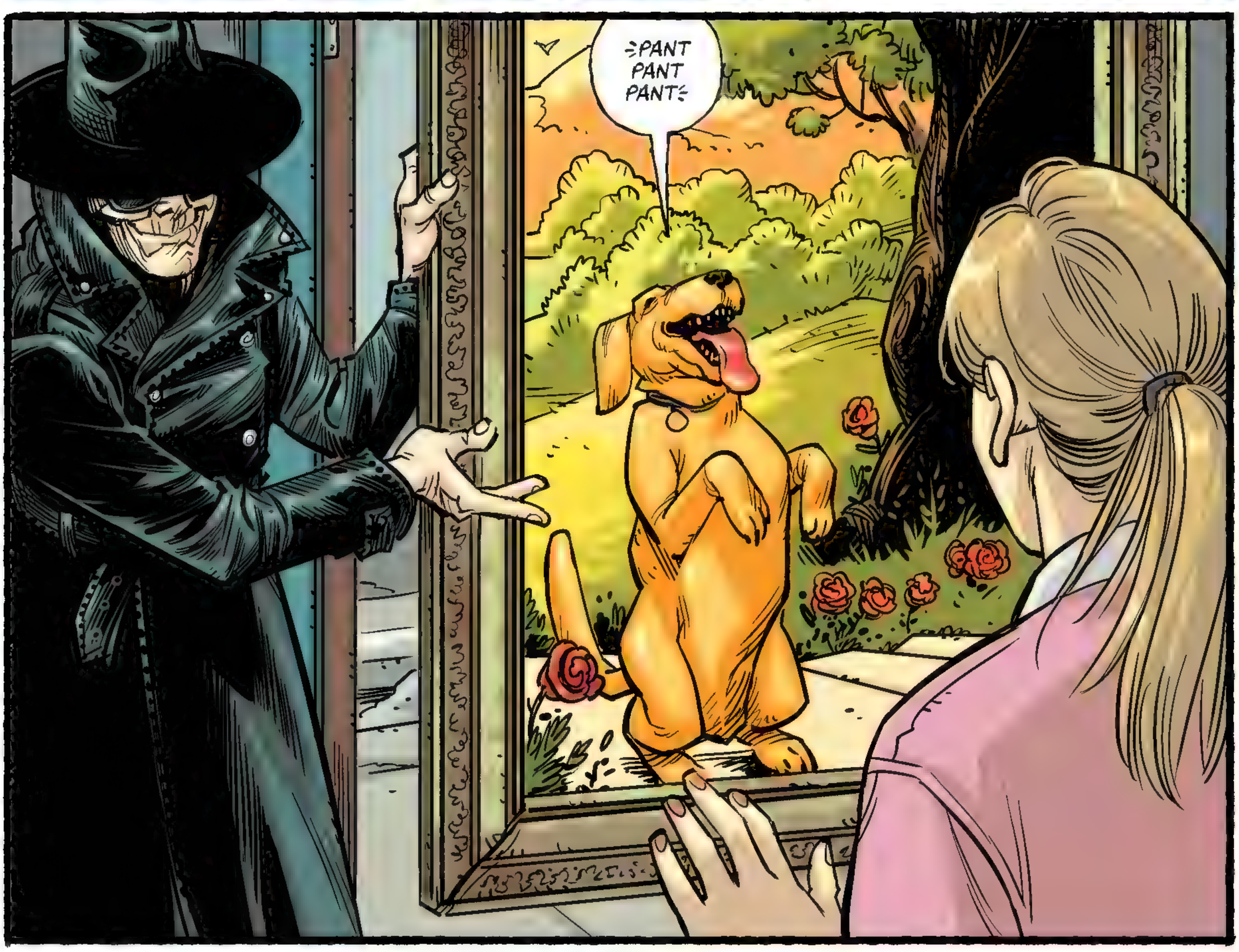
0.50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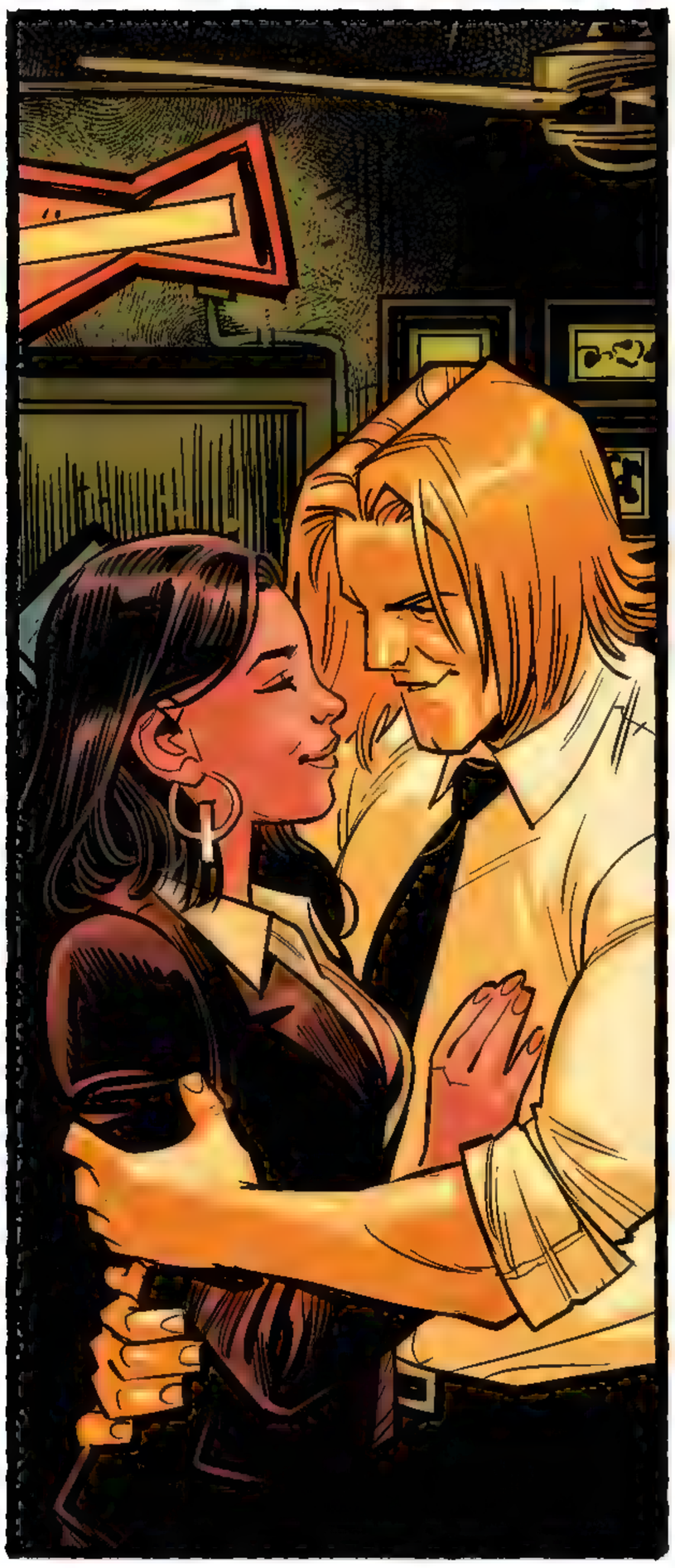
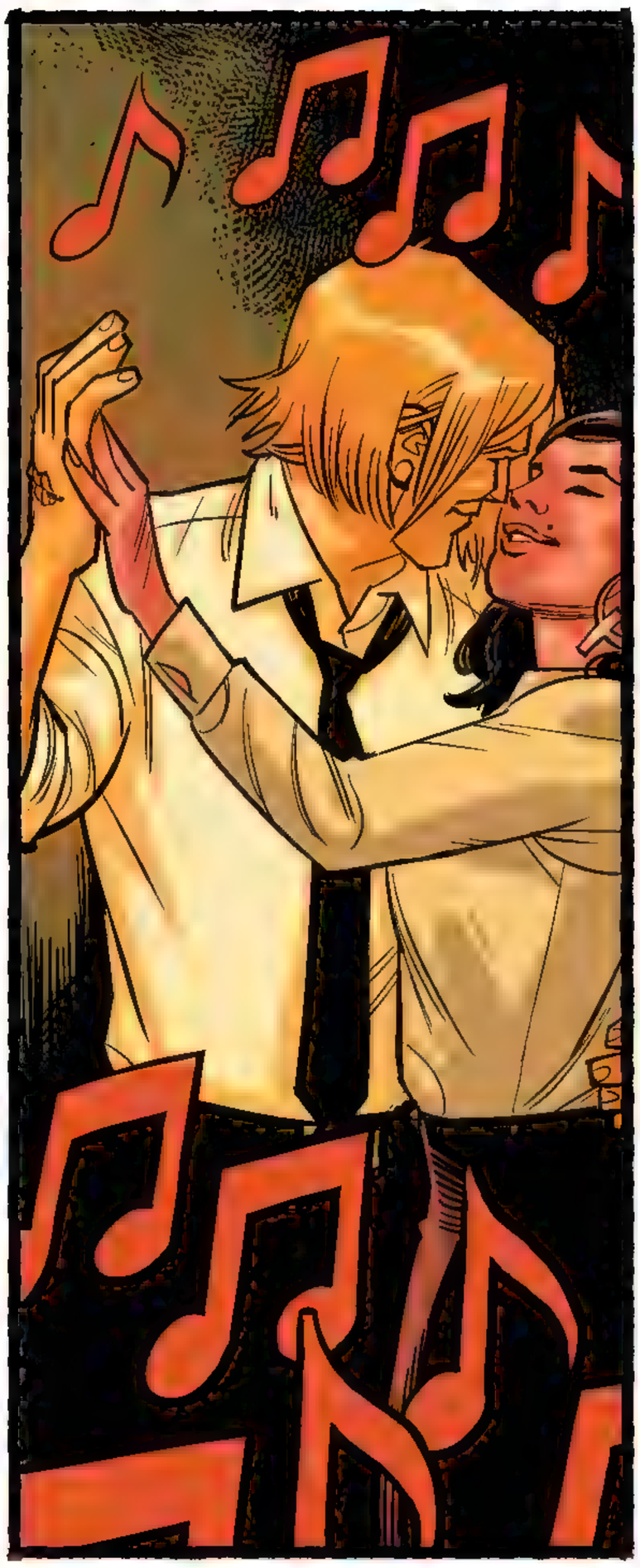




Die Off

Die Off tm
Endeavors
Member No
001 234 785 099
Deadline: Nov 23
STEPHANIE FLYNN
Triple Star
MOTEL
VACANCY

9:17am

Snowflake calling...

DID YOU NAIL THE OPENING?!

GIRLFRIEND, HOT DAMN DID HE NAIL IT.

SNOOOOR

WHO IS THIS?

I'M YOUR HUSBAND'S NEW B

YOU SHOULD BE VERY PROUD.

RAULFFF

Chapter Two: An Entry-Level Position

THE ART SHOW...THE DEAD DOG, SUDDENLY **NOT** DEAD...?

THIS IS ART BELL ON COAST TO COAST A.M., AND TONIGHT'S TOPIC IS REMOTE VIEWING, ALSO KNOWN AS TELESTHESIA. OR, UNDERSTOOD TO BE THE ABILITY TO SEE REMOTE OR HIDDEN OBJECTS

Sun	Mon	Wed	Fri	Sat
				1
2	3 Piano	5 Rent due	7 Garbage Out	8
9	10	12	14 Valentine's Day	15
16	17 President's Day	18 Piano	19 Sonogram 2:00	21	22
23	24 Garbage Out	26 Piano	28	29

EXIT

The Woodcrafter

Handmade
Chainsaw Sculpture

Watercolor by Christine

BRiiinG-RiNg

Patterson

TriLLL-tRiLL

SHriiing-WriNg

Babette
calling...

BRRiiNNg-A-RiiNG

Leonard

HELLO?

SHOOT HIM. SAVE ALL OF CREATION, SHOOT HIM.

YOU'RE INFECTED.

WHO'S INFECTED?

CALL YOU BACK.

WHO--

click

CALL THEM.

Die Off™ Endeavors 20-4566

FIRST, LET'S FIX THAT HAIR.

AND YOUR SKIN.

THOSE TEETH NEED BLEACHIN

NOT TO MENTION YOUR POSTURE.

WHA DO YOU **WEIGH?**

CONTACT LENSES?

A TAN IS CRUCIAL.

IS THAT HAIR COLOR EVEN **REAL?**

LIPO?

PEC IMPLANTS!

A GOOD WAXING...

DERMABRASION, OF COUR

SOME STEROIDS WOULDN'T HURT.

HAIR **EXTENSIONS!**

A **CHIN** IMPLANT!

HELLO MY NAME IS

BALTHAZAR

PERFECTION!

DARK
IORSE
o cents

A Blush Gentry Romance

Satan's Salvation

INFECTED HOW?

THAT MAN, YESTERDAY?

Die Off
Endeavors
Tel: 555-580-4

I BROUGHT HIM TO THE CARNIVAL SO YOU COULD WATCH.

HE INFECTED YOU?

THESE ACUTE SYMPTOMS...

A MILLION PEOPLE.

IN ONE YEAR.

YOU'RE INSANE. BELIEVE ME, I **KNOW** INSANE, AND YOU'RE A NUTCASE.

I FOLLOWED YOU.

SMAK

BLACK A... S
MOTEL-APTS
VACANCY
AIR CONDITIONING
WEEKLY RATES
NO PETS
CABLE TV
JACUZZI POOL
HAVEA NI E DAY

I'M A CORPORATE HEADHUNTER.

A SEVEN-FIGURE ANNUAL SALARY.

HE'LL GET BACK TO YOU.

clik

WHY ME?

FLOOSH

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE...

BLAM

GOOD WORK.

BUT YOU CAN'T SAVE HER...

Leonard

CLICK

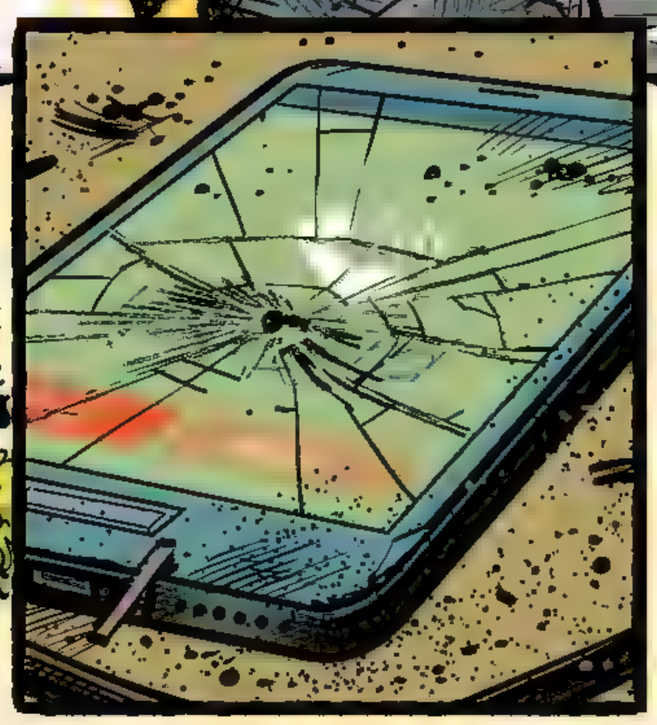
RRMMMMMBL

WOOOOOOOOOOOOSHHHH

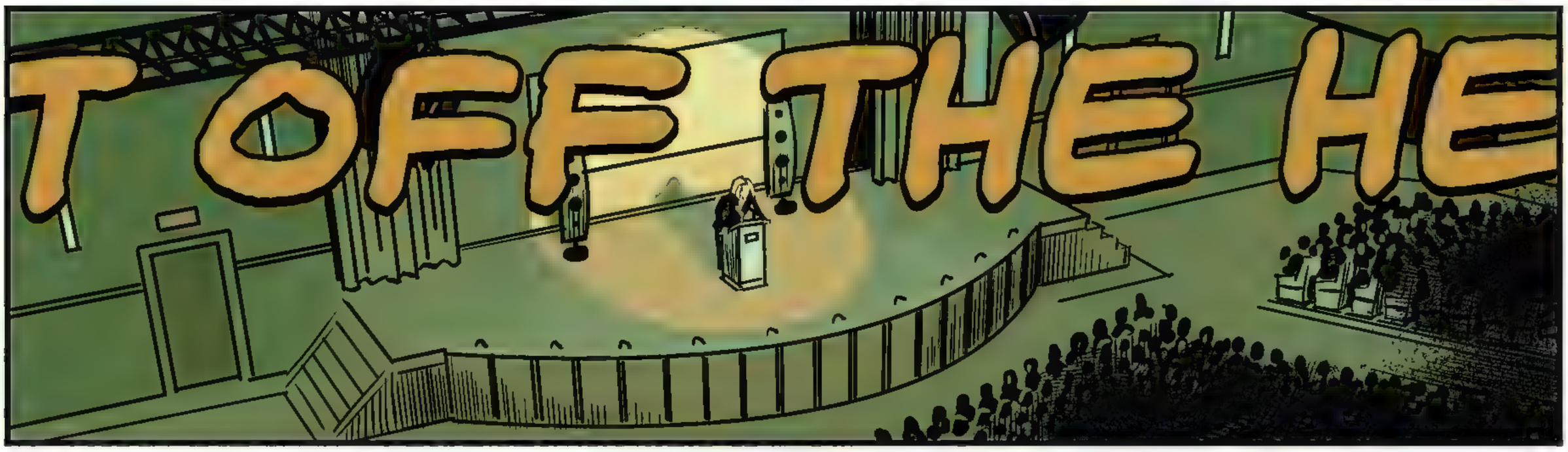
Fine Art
and
Pickled Eggs

KA-FLOUGHOW

Kell's Bell Commercial Art Jamboree



CUT OFF THE HEAD!
RIZE OR DIE
RIZE OR DIE
RIZE OR DIE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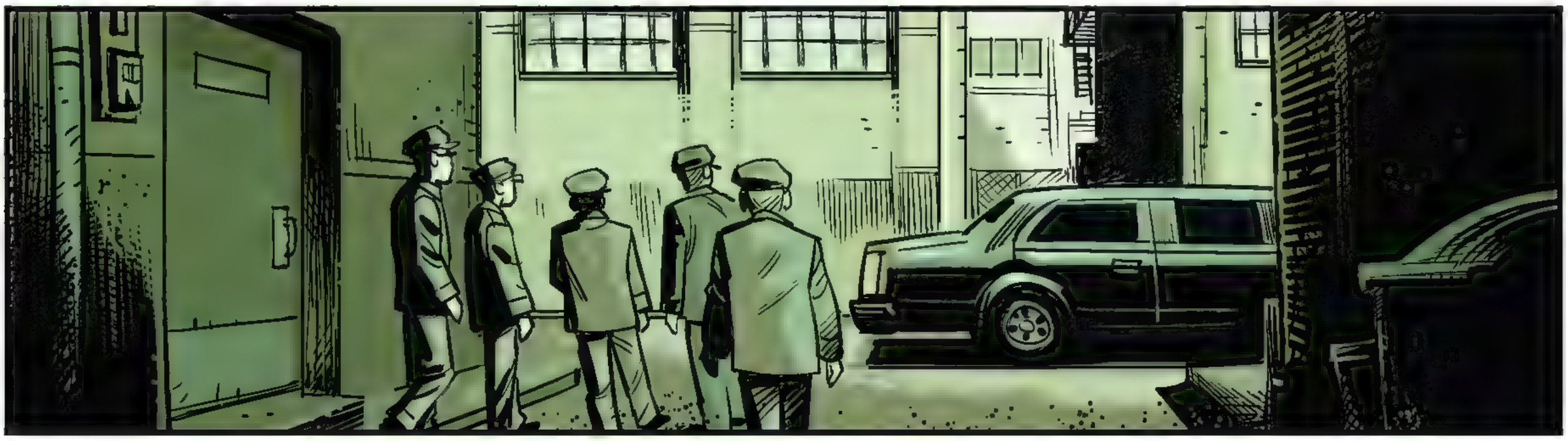
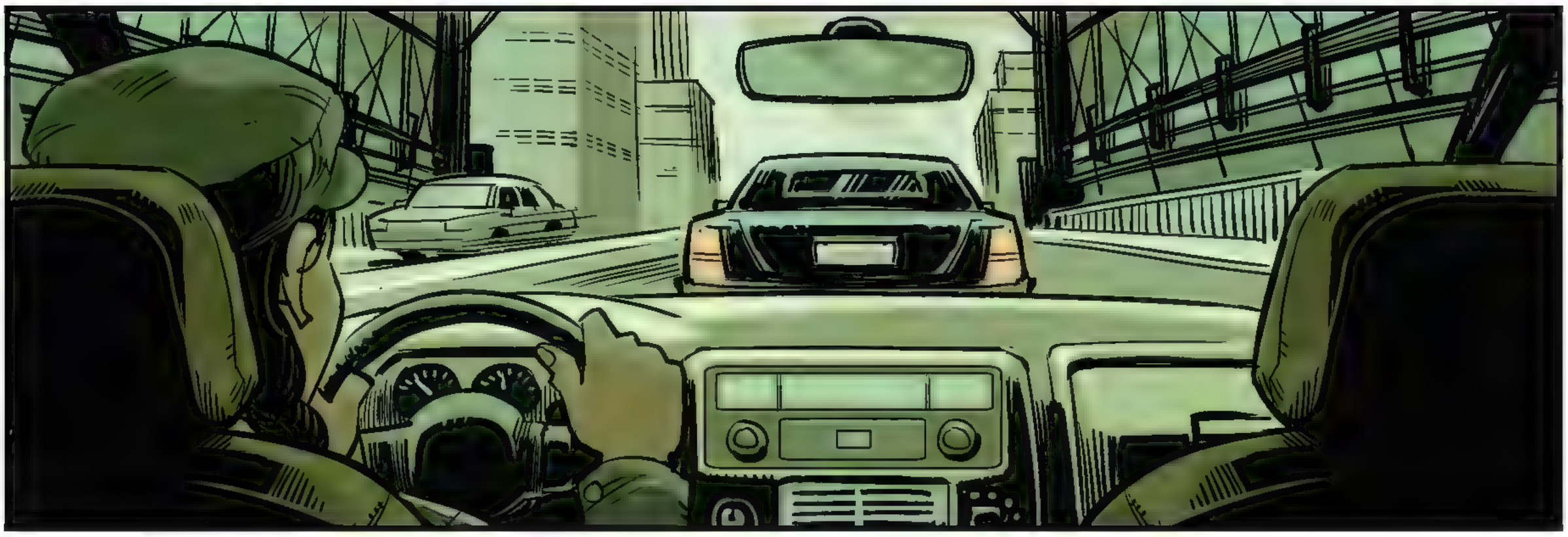
E HEAD!





BARK

BARK

BARK

TAXI

BARK

BARK

TAXI

"HEY, STEPH? BUY YOU A DRINK?"

urdentour.rize.

TOUR DA

TO THE NEXT
WELCOME
TRAVEL.

TO SURVIVE...

...RECR UIT...

...A MILLION...

I DON'T CHEAT.

HE DOES...

RIZE OR DIE

RIZE OR DIE

ZING

ZOW

PFFT

Handmade China Baby Dolls

PING

BLING

CHING

KRONCH

bzzz...
bzzzz...
bzzzz...
bzzz...
7:46
UNKNOWN
=GASP=

FWOOSH
KRACK

bzzzz... bzzz...

7:46

UNKNOWN

Have you acquired the picture frame?

Hand [illegible]
Artisanal
Car[illegible]les

Guaranteed
No Drips!

bzzz...
bzzzz...

WHOOSH

HE CHEATS.

GET IT TATTOOED...

...SO OTHER HEADHUNTERS KNOW.

BALTHAZAR, SEBASTIAN, OR RUNNING WOLF...

...THE GAME ISN'T OVER.

HI?

WELCOME TO THE TEAM, SIR!

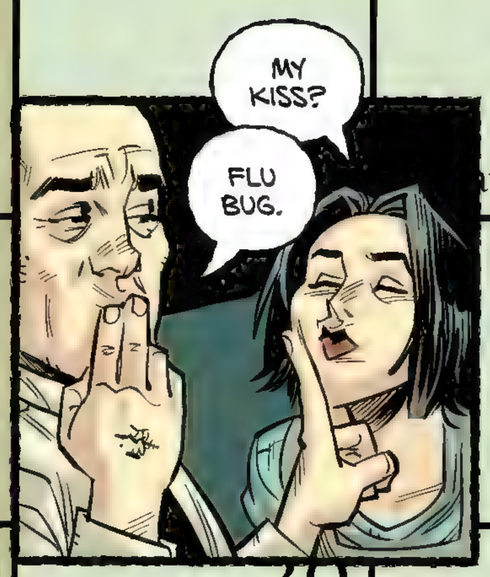
ZZZ

Chapter Three: First Day on the Job

YOO-HAUL
BATHROOM MISC.
YOO-HAUL
TOOLS
SHAW

March

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8 Piano	Amnio??			12	13 Garbage Out	14
15 Piano	16	17	18	19	20	21
22 Piano			25	26	27	28
29 Piano	30	31 Obstetrical				



B-72

YOUR SIGNING BONUS.

MOO-HAUL

BOOKS

CLOTHES

IT BEAT YOU HOME.

Die Off™ Endeavors

Member No
001 234 785 100
Deadline: Nov 23

DADDY'S HOME!

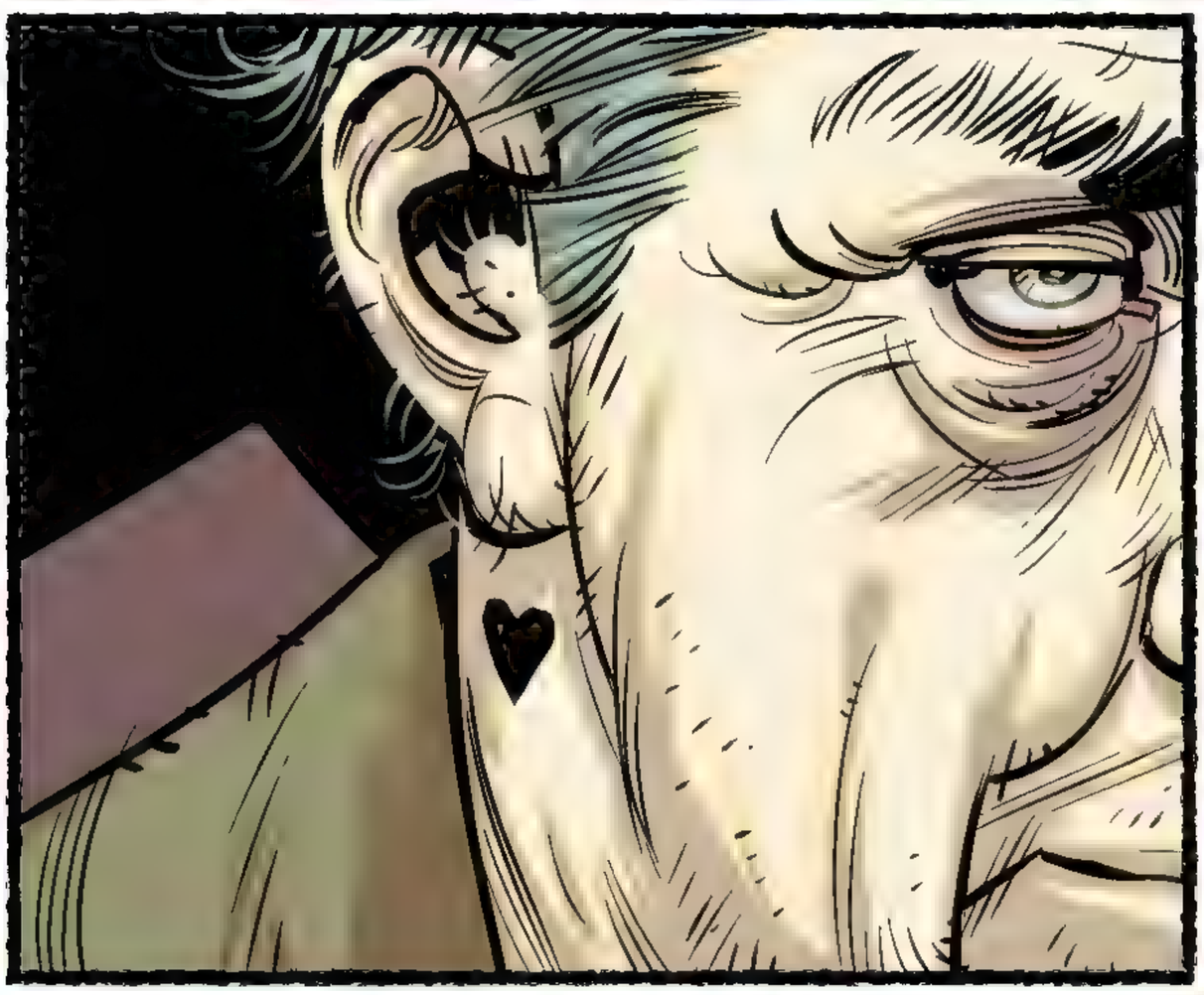
KISS OFF, CREEPY NEIGHBORS...

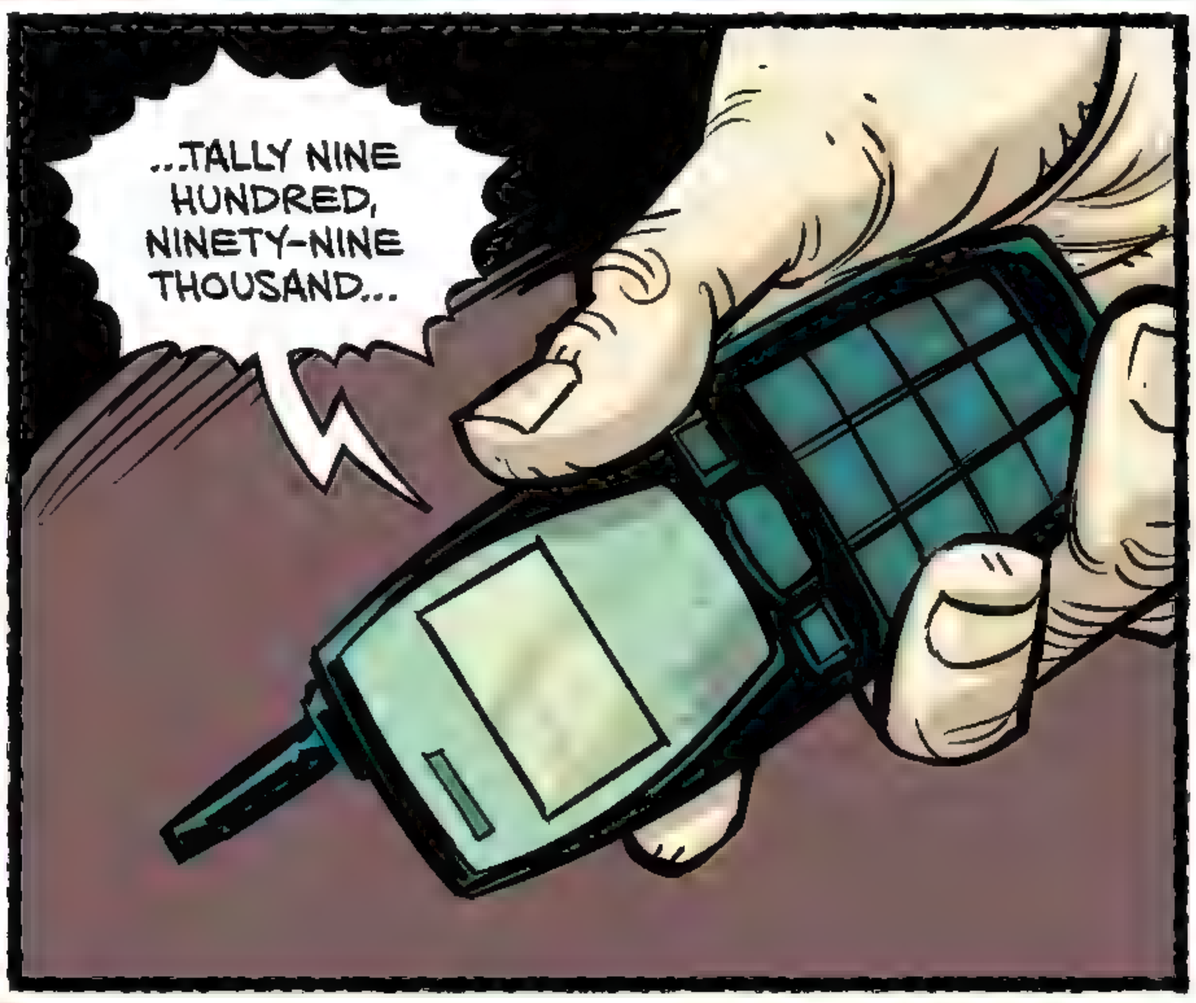
"ESPECIALLY MR. SOVL*K...

B-76

HELP ME!

BOY!




...TALLY NINE HUNDRED, NINETY-NINE THOUSAND...

KRUNCH

MOM!

DAD?!

B-76

B-76

SLAMM

DADDY'S HOME!

WHERE IS THAT SON OF YOURS?

BLACK ANG'S
MOTEL-APTS

CAN'T PACK FAST ENOUGH.

WHERE'VE YOU BEEN, BOSS?

B-76

I DON'T KNOW.

HEY, PATIENT ZERO. GET CHECKED OUT.

53HS.10

DAD! MOM!

LEGGO!

FINALLY, WE HAVE A HEALTH PLAN...

Die Off

For Immidiate Care, Call

(401) 555-3450

EMERGENCY

EMERGENCY

← Main Entrance

AAAAHHHHHHHH

Plissh

Plopp

Plip

SPECIME

Balh

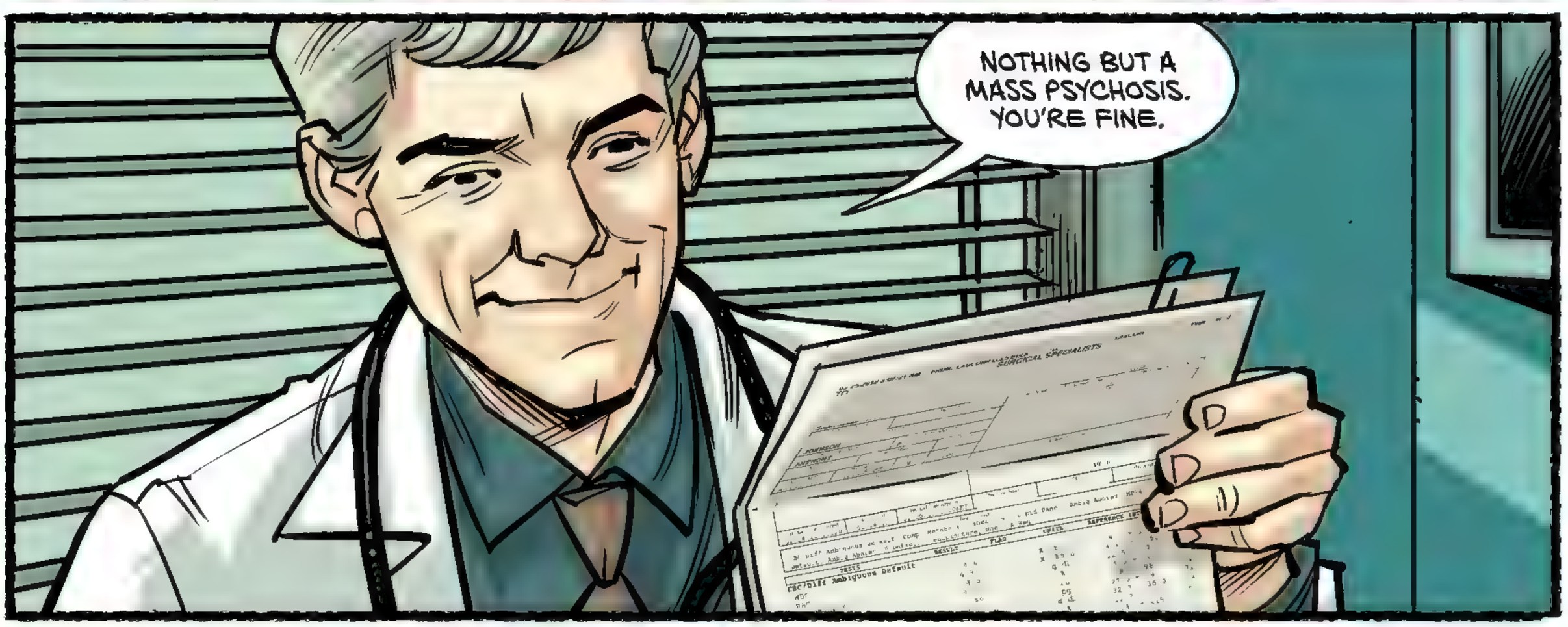
YOU'VE GOT ALL THE SYMPTOMS.

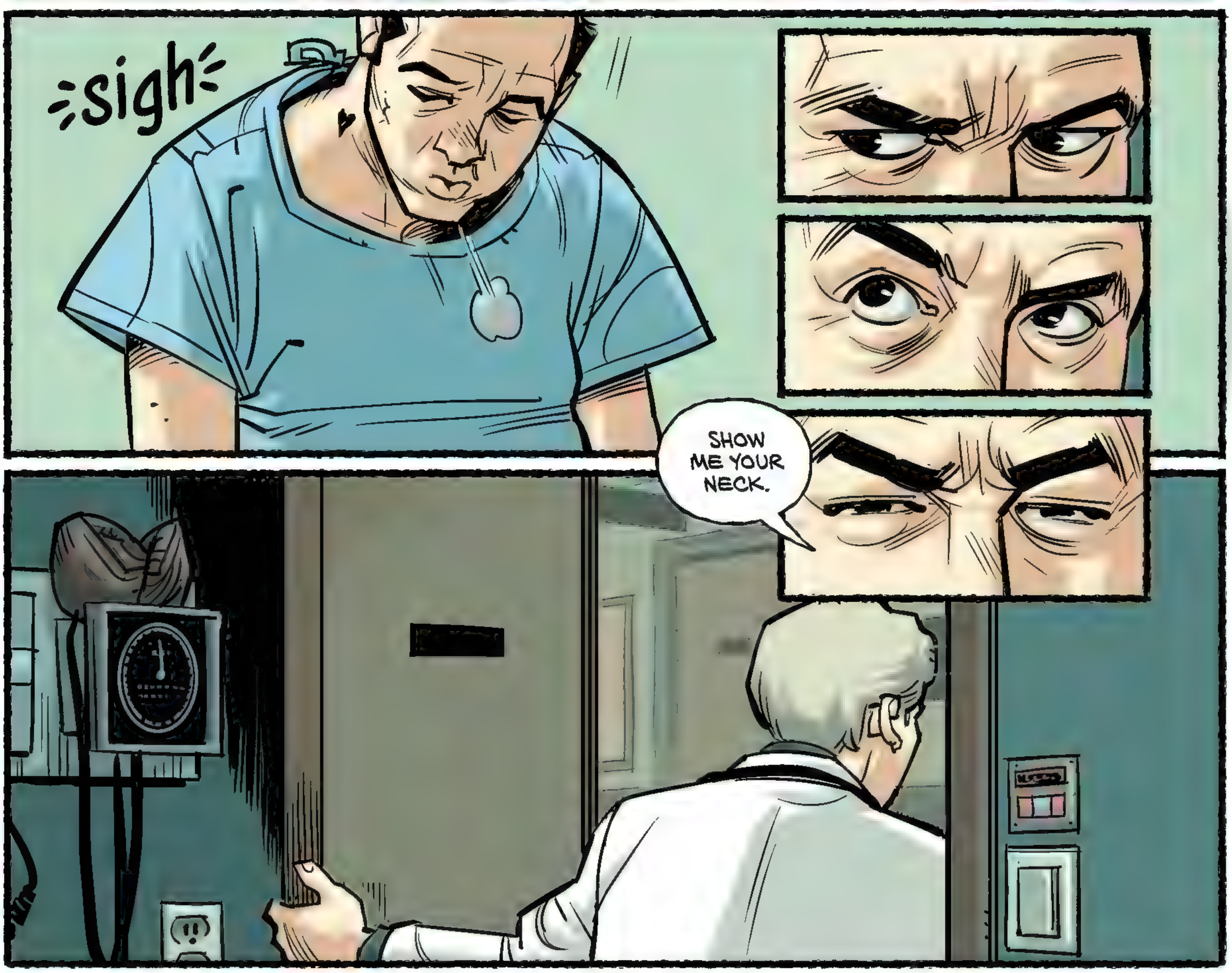
OF WHAT?

THE EPIDEMIC.

LINKED TO CONTAMINATED NEEDLES OR SOME SUCH.

FREE!


NOTHING BUT A MASS PSYCHOSIS. YOU'RE FINE.
SURGICAL SPECIALISTS


:sigh:
SHOW ME YOUR NECK.

A SECOND OPINION!

DUDE!

FIGHT CLUB 2

FREE!

THE DAILY CLARION MESSENGER

FREE!

REE!

NOK NOKK

YES?

CABLE SERVICE.

YOU DON'T SAY?

CALLED YET?

I TRIED.

ESTIMATED WAIT TIME--TWO MINUTES.

ALL MOBILE DEVICES!

CITY DESK

PREGNANT = SO SEXY...

JR. TOYS

SPOR EQUIPN

IS IT A HOAX?

THINK FIRST...

"EVERYONE'S GROWING THEIR TALLIES...

"WHO WANTS TO BE EXECUTED?"

COULD BE THE PUNISHMENT IS WORSE THAN DEATH...

edCom
ABLE

...BREAK THIS STORY...

THE DAILY CLARION MESSENGER

EST. 1906

...AND THE SMARTEST, MOST ATTRACTIVE, MOST RUTHLESS ALL DIE...

=GIGGLE=

LISTENERS ASK ME, "ART, INSTEAD OF PRAYING TO GOD, HY DON'T WE PRAY **FOR** GOD?" AND IT MIGHT URPRISE YOU TO KNOW AT AN ORDER OF MONKS THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY JUST THAT. THEY PRAYED NOT ONLY FOR GOD'S HAPPINESS, BUT ALSO FOR SATAN'S HAPPINESS.

"...KIDS ORPHANED."

YOU'LL DIE.

NO...

"...I HAVE MY TALLY."

ONLY THE MOST APPEALING, BRIGHTEST, AND HARD WORKING WILL INHERIT THE EARTH.

IT'S TRULY INSPIRING, YOU SHARING THE RISK, SIR.

WAIT.

SEEING HOW YOU CREATED THE VIRUS, MR. DURDEN.

YOU SEDUCED A MILLION...

SADLY, THE UGLY...

NINE.

Die Off
Endeavors
YOUR TALLY:
06

AND THE FAT...

FITNESS

STAFF ONLY

WHILE THE BOLD AND THE BEAUTIFUL...

WE WON'T NEED BIRTH CONTROL.

DAD?

Snowflake calling...

WHAT'S WRONG?

A MAN IS KISSING MOMMY.

SEX TOYS

LUBE

POOF

MOMMY CAN'T BE. I'M HERE!

...EXACTLY THE WAY DADDY SAID.

MOMMY?

DADDY SAID TO.

BABY, IT'S NAPTIME...

!

...SHOULD'VE SAID SOMETHING!

ABOUT WHAT?

SCREECH

BLAM

RediCom CABLE

HWOOOSH

HOW DARE YOU?!

ENDANGER MY UNBORN SON?!

I DIDN'T KNOW, SIR!

OF ALL THE SLUTS IN THIS WORLD--

--YOU CHOOSE MINE?!

SHE HAS THE MARK!

DRAW IT ON MOMMY'S NECK.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight

IF DADDY DID THE **HOT THING**, THIS WOULDN'T HAPPEN.

THEIR BASIC THEOSOPHICAL IDEA WAS THAT ALL MANKIND'S CONFLICTS STEM FROM THE CONFLICT BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL. THEREFORE IF THEY

WORLD ENTIRELY SAFE!

The Daily Bleeder

Rize Or Die Eliminated

Local Au... Headqua... Terroris...

by MICHAEL F...

A suspected te... was raided and... Sunday afterno... Police seized ... soap manufac... neighbours s... Paper Street ... months.

The raid co... continued ... from the c...

Officials ... that the ... series of ... global o... 'planned ... maps, ... army ... indep...

The ... unti...

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

Chapter Four: Unlikely Allies

I'M Not
your eNeMY.
Not THiS T:Me.

Hello
BALTHAZAR
TYLER

MACK

BBRRIIINNGG

7:00

NO KISS?

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS...

HOME IS WHERE THEY HAVE TO TAKE YOU IN.

BLACK ANGUS

MOTEL-APTS

VACANCY

AIR CONDITIONING
WEEKLY RATES
NO PETS

CABLE TV
JACUZZI POOL
HAVEA NI E DAY

T CAT
ECALL
3-4727

5th Annual
Community
SING
& Picnic

Friday the 15th
William Holton
Park

All ages and faiths welco

REMAINING MEN TOGETHER

Every Saturday 12pm

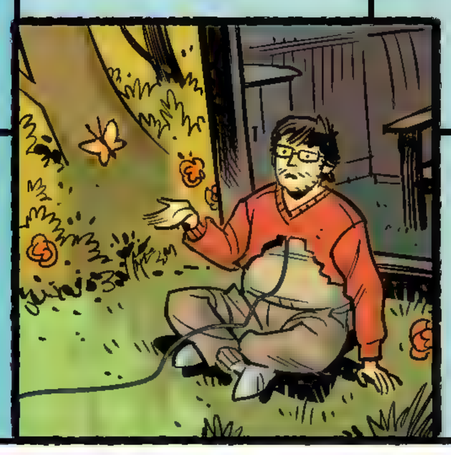
Room 17

FOR SALE
BICYCLE

"IS THERE MORE TO LIFE?"

TYLER?

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			Rent due		3	4 Garbage Out
5 Piano	6	7	April Fool's Day		10	11
12 Piano Easter Sunday	13	14	15	16	17	18 Garbage Out
19 Piano	20	21	Obstetrical	23	24	25
26 Piano	27	28	29	30		



CORNELIUS?

LIAR!

TOURIST!

PHONY!

FRAUD!

FAKER!

GET OUT!

POSE

EMOTIONAL VAMPIRE!

PARASITE

KERRROOOM

Free

PAPER ST

=GULP=

CONDEMNED

E LINE DO NOT CROSS

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

TYLER?

TYLER?

WHAT'S DIE-OFF?

WAS I FIGHT CLUBBED?

THE DAILY CLARION MESSENGER

EST. 1906

GRAB

HOW'D A FLAT-ASSED DAD BOD LIKE YOU SEDUCE A MILLION RECRUITS?

YOU RECRUIT TEN PEOPLE...

"EACH OF THEM RECRUITS TEN...

"...RECRUITS TEN...

"...RECRUITS TEN..."

DRAW IT ON MOMMY'S NECK.
A SEXUAL AMWAY.

THINK!

EMERGENCY

!

LET'S RUN A FEW TESTS.

WHO'S IN CHARGE?

WHERE'S IT FROM?

SIR! HUMAN SACRIFICE NUMBER THREE SEVEN SIX THREE, SIR!

YOU'RE ONE OF MINE?

TUFTS, SIR. TOP THREE PERCENT, SIR.

"AFTER RIZE OR DIE DISBANDED..."

UN

UN

UN

CLEAN.

SECURITY CHECKPOINT
NO WEAPONS PAST THIS POINT

THEY HAD WANTED TO DIE FOR A NEW WORLD...

ONE GRANDE ICED SOY CHAI WITH A SHOT OF VANILLA AND A SHOT OF HAZELNUT, CINNAMON ON TOP WITH ROOM FOR CREAM.

TIPS

"THEY WERE STILL READY.

"ONE-TIME SPACE MONKEYS BECAME GUINEA PIGS."

HOW DO THEY DIE?

IT'S WORSE THAN DEATH...

WHAT'S WORSE THAN DEATH?

... I HAD A FOUR-POINT-O G.P.A....

ROOAHR

THINK!

MR. DURDEN, SIR!

HUMAN SACRIFICE NUMBER FIVE FOUR SEVEN EIGHT--PETERSON, JAMES, J., MASTERS TAX LAW, LOYOLA MARYMOUNT--ESCORT ME TO YOUR HIGHEST-RANKING OFFICER.

SIR, I CANNOT COMPLY, SIR!

WHEN I MET YOU...

WHAT I REALLY **WANT** TO BE IS A TAX LAW ATTORNEY SPECIALIZING IN ENTERTAINMENT...

RIVE THRU

OBEY ME.

SIR! MY SINCEREST APOLOGIES, SIR!

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

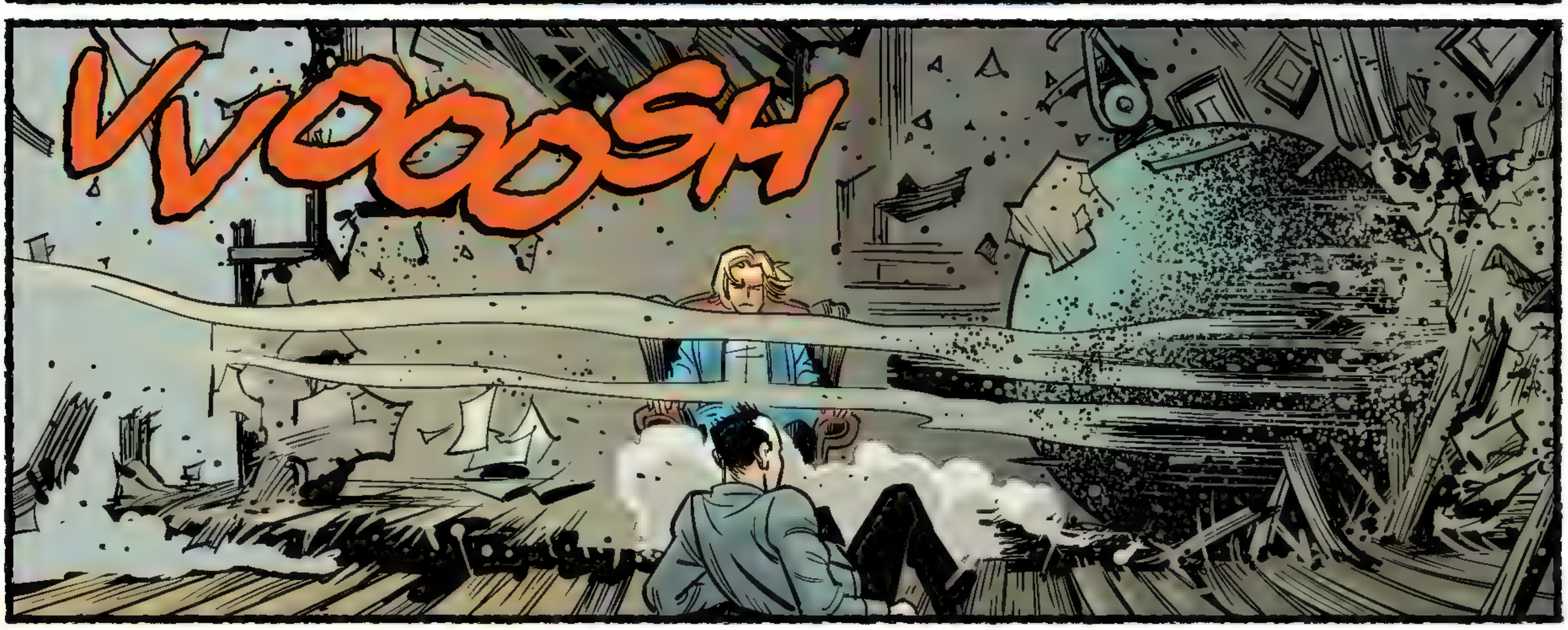
SORRY, SIR.

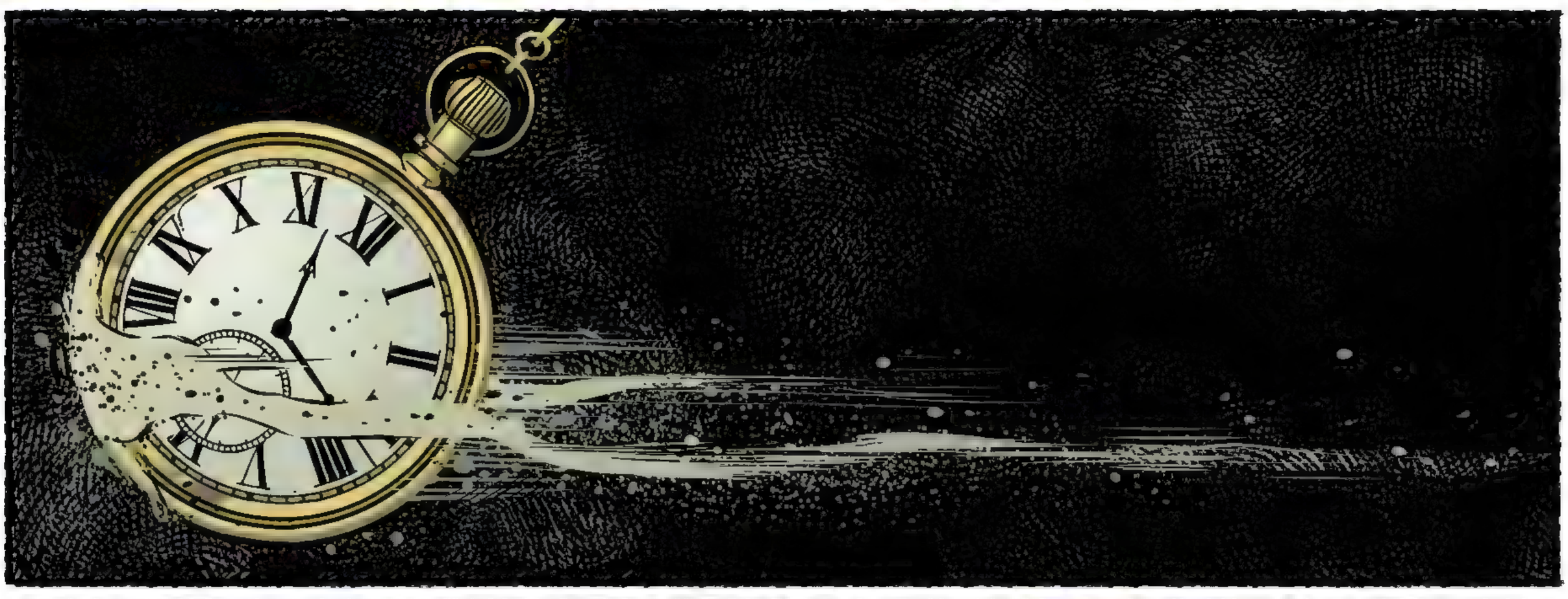
HONORED TO EVICT YOU, SIR.

OWE YOU MY LIFE, SIR.

KRRASH

WOOOSH


VVOOOSH



I'M GOING TO MY HAPPY PLACE...

..TO MY CAVE...

...CAVE OF MY POWER ANIMAL...

EVERY MINUTE, THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY HUMANS ARE BORN.

EVERY HOUR, SEVENTEEN SPECIES OF ANIMAL BECOME EXTINCT.

EACH HOUR, A HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES OF RAINFOREST ARE BURNED.

IN THIRTY YEARS, THE OCEANS WILL BE EMPTY OF FISH.

A THIRD OF ALL AMPHIBIAN SPECIES ARE NEAR EXTINCTION.

IN 1900, AVERAGE HUMAN LIFE EXPECTANCY WAS THIRTY-ONE YEARS.

NOW IT'S SEVENTY-EIGHT.

WHAT'S THE SOLUTION?

I THOUGHT THIS WAS A CAVE OF **PEACE?**

IT'S NOT...

IT'S NOT A CAVE.

ARE HERE

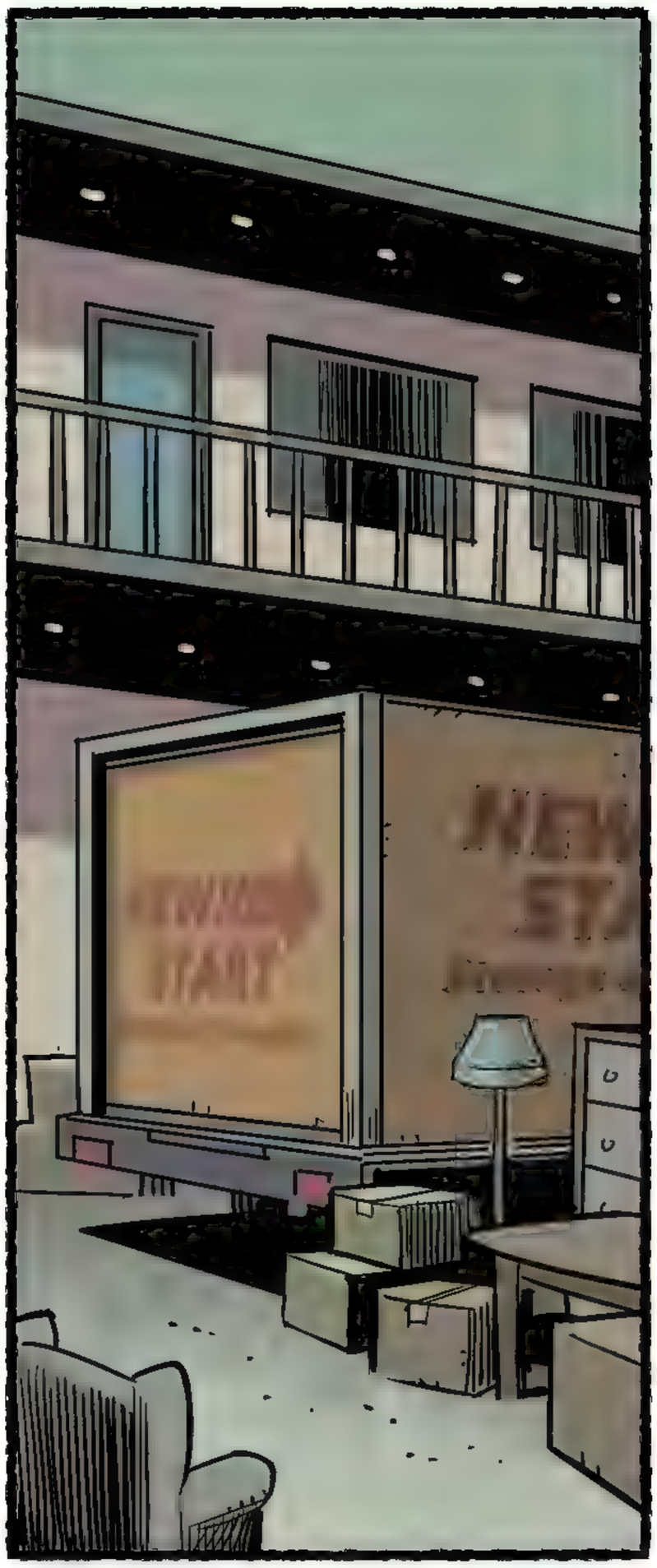
THIS TIME THE PROBLEM'S NOT YOU, IS IT?

NOT THIS TIME.

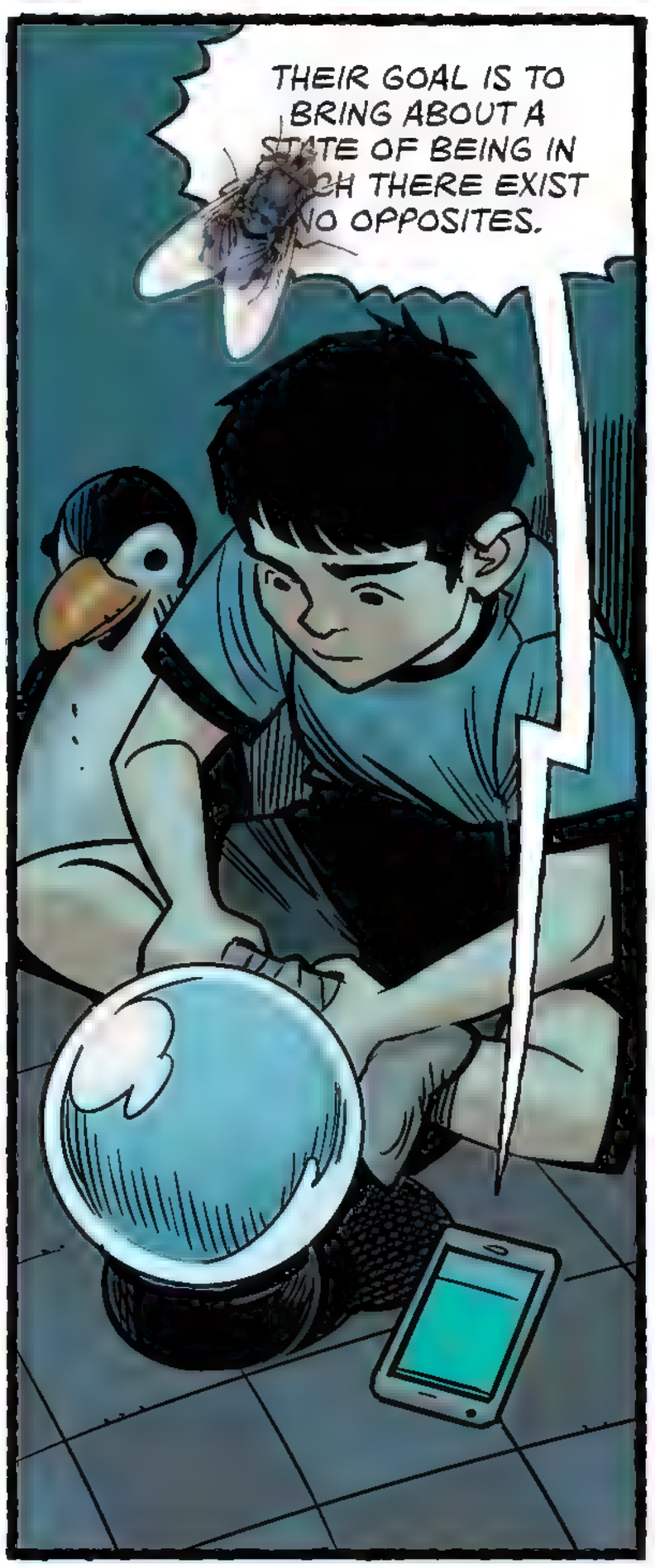
YOU'RE NOT MY ENEMY.

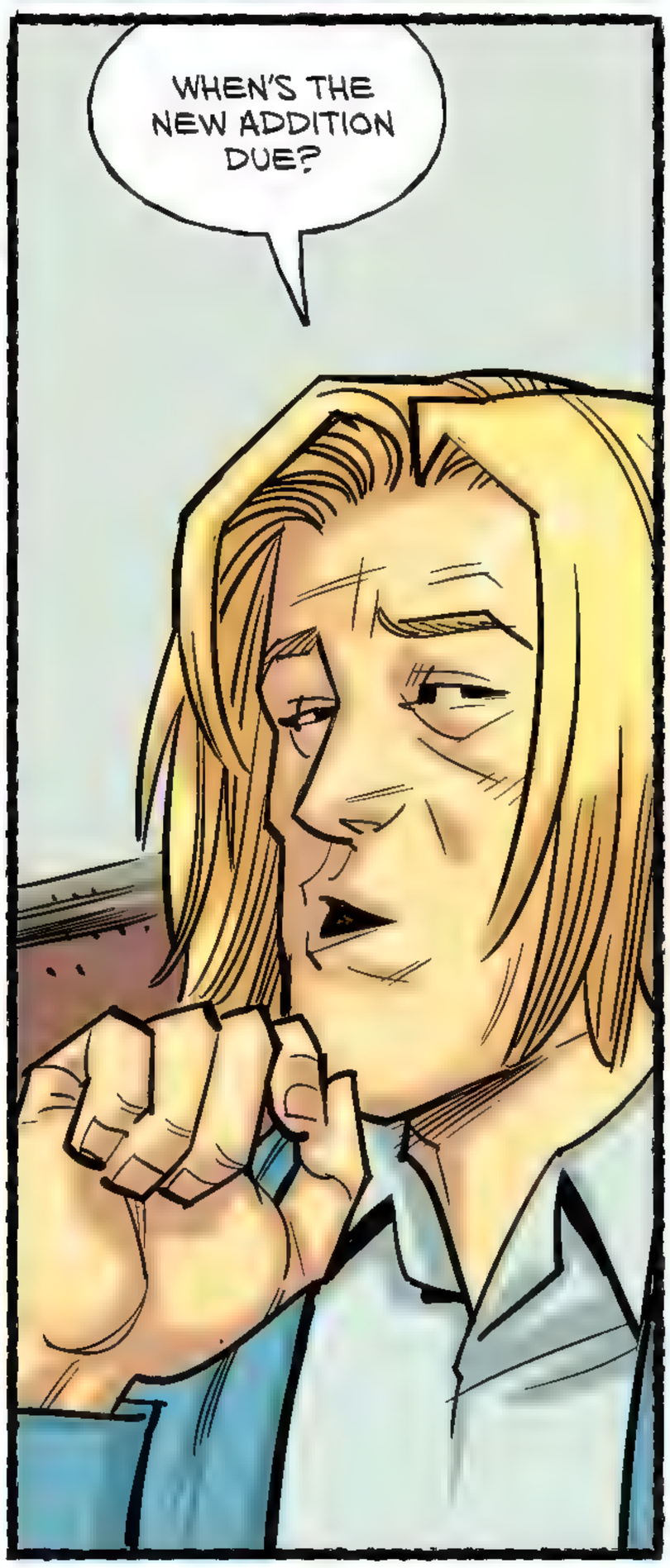
I HAVE **NEVER** BEEN YOUR ENEMY.

HOW'S OUR WIFE?


NEW
START

WHERE'S JUNIOR?


THEIR GOAL IS TO BRING ABOUT A STATE OF BEING IN
H THERE EXIST
O OPPOSITES.


WHEN'S THE NEW ADDITION DUE?

DID YOUR DREAM TELL YOU ANYTHING ELSE?

TRY TO NAIL BABES WHO'LL NAIL PLAYERS.

RRRIIIIINGGG

RRRIIIIINGGG

tap t-tik tik tik

Snowflak

New

Q W E R T

A S D F

Z X C V B

123

Snowflake

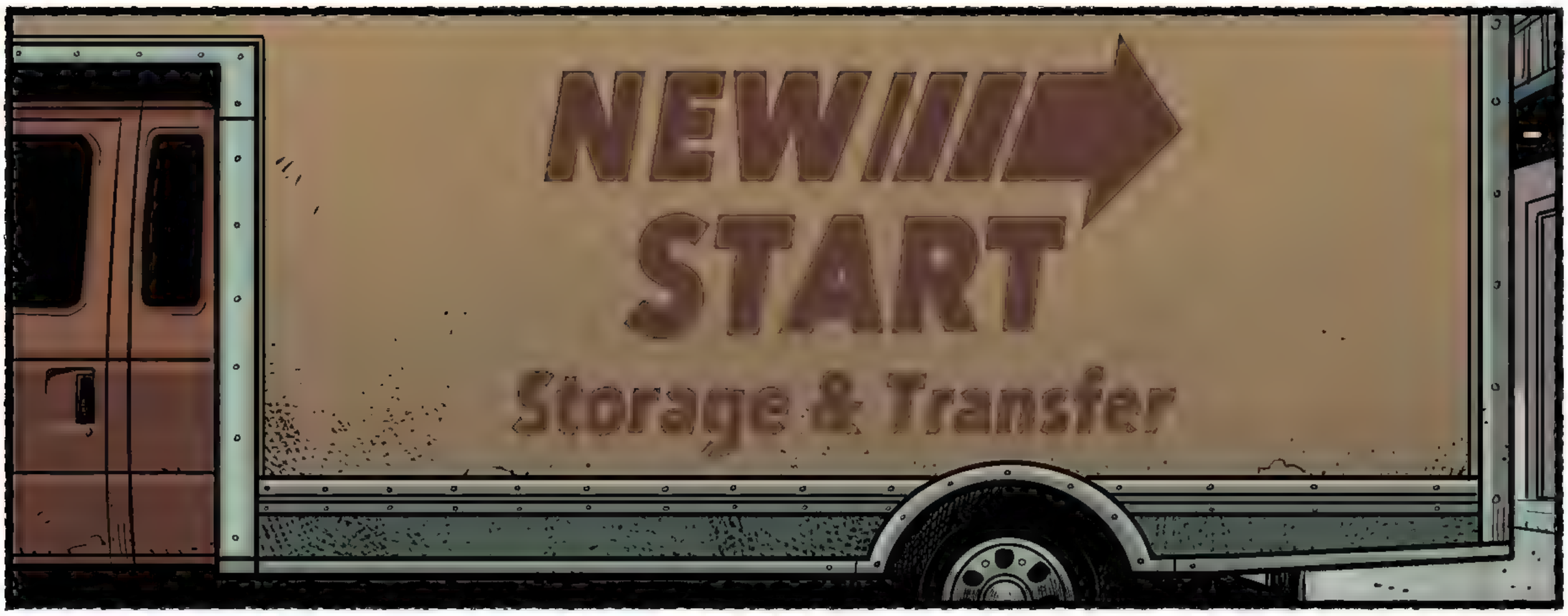
New hire orientation, today, all afternoo

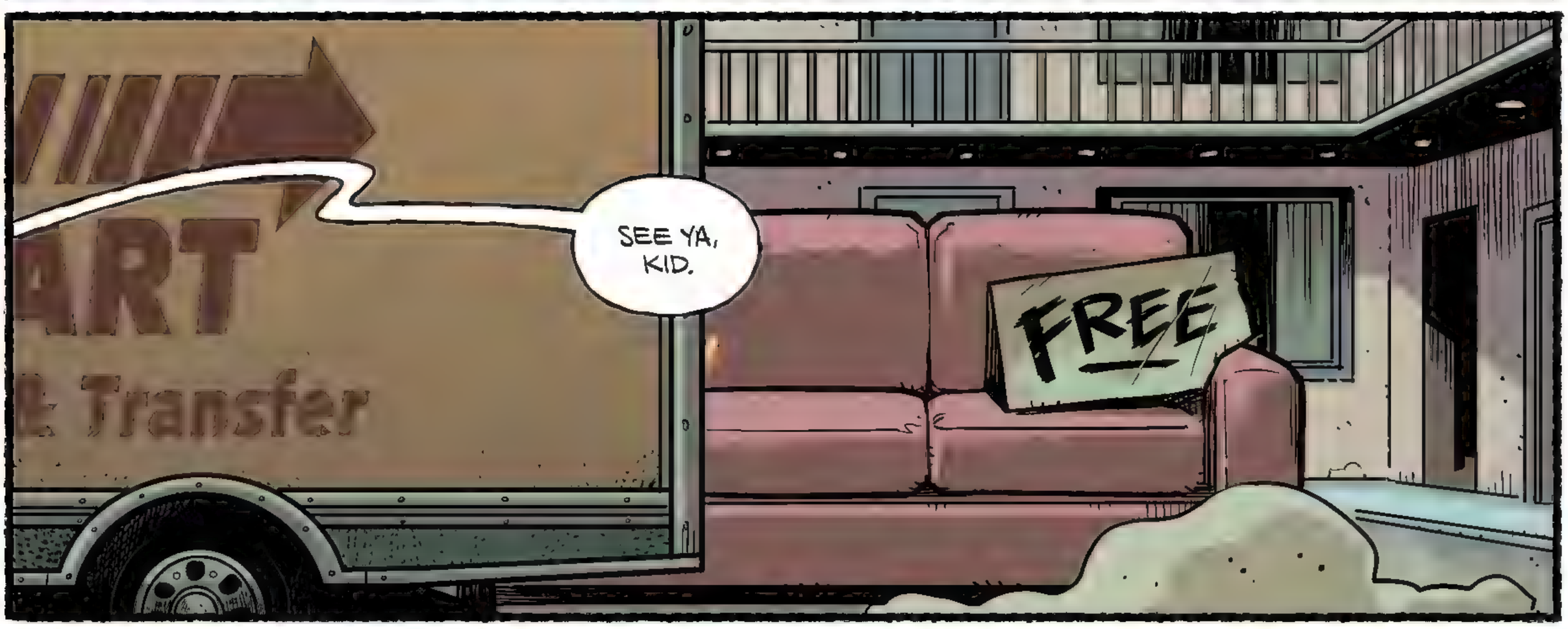
t-tap tap tik t-tik

SNIKKT

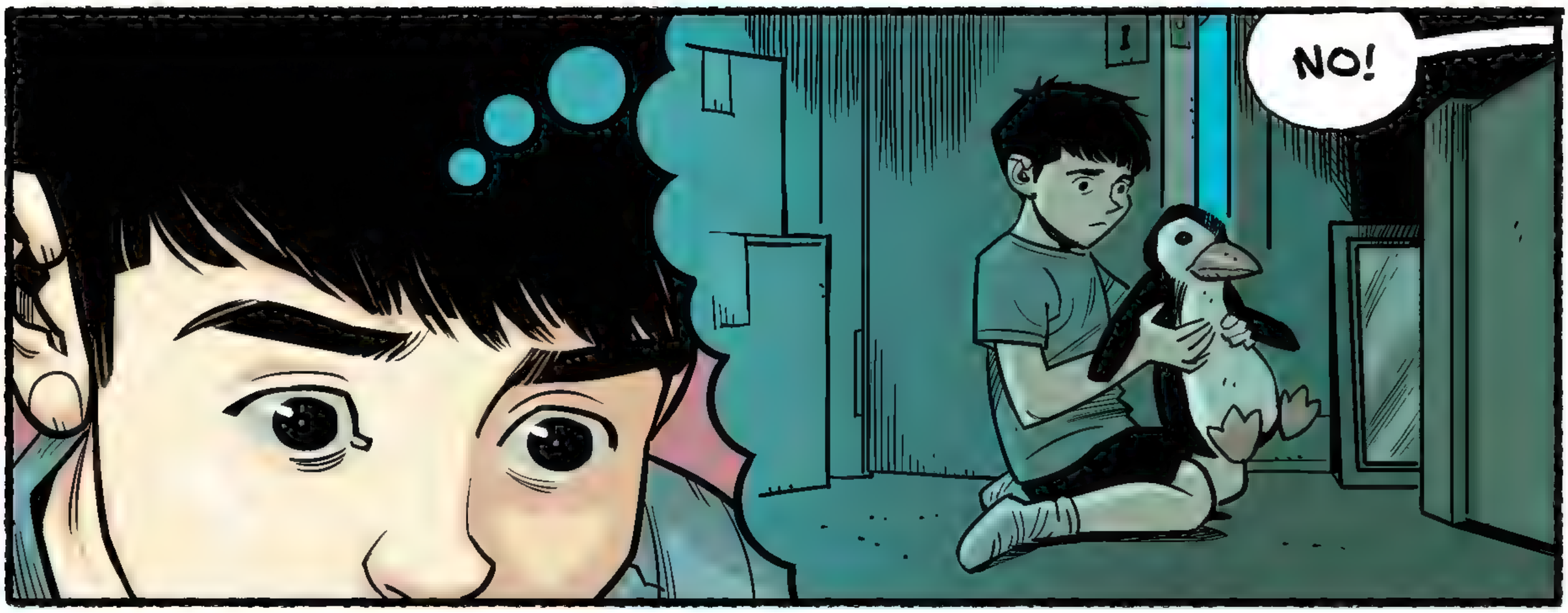
WHAT IS THE SOLUTION?

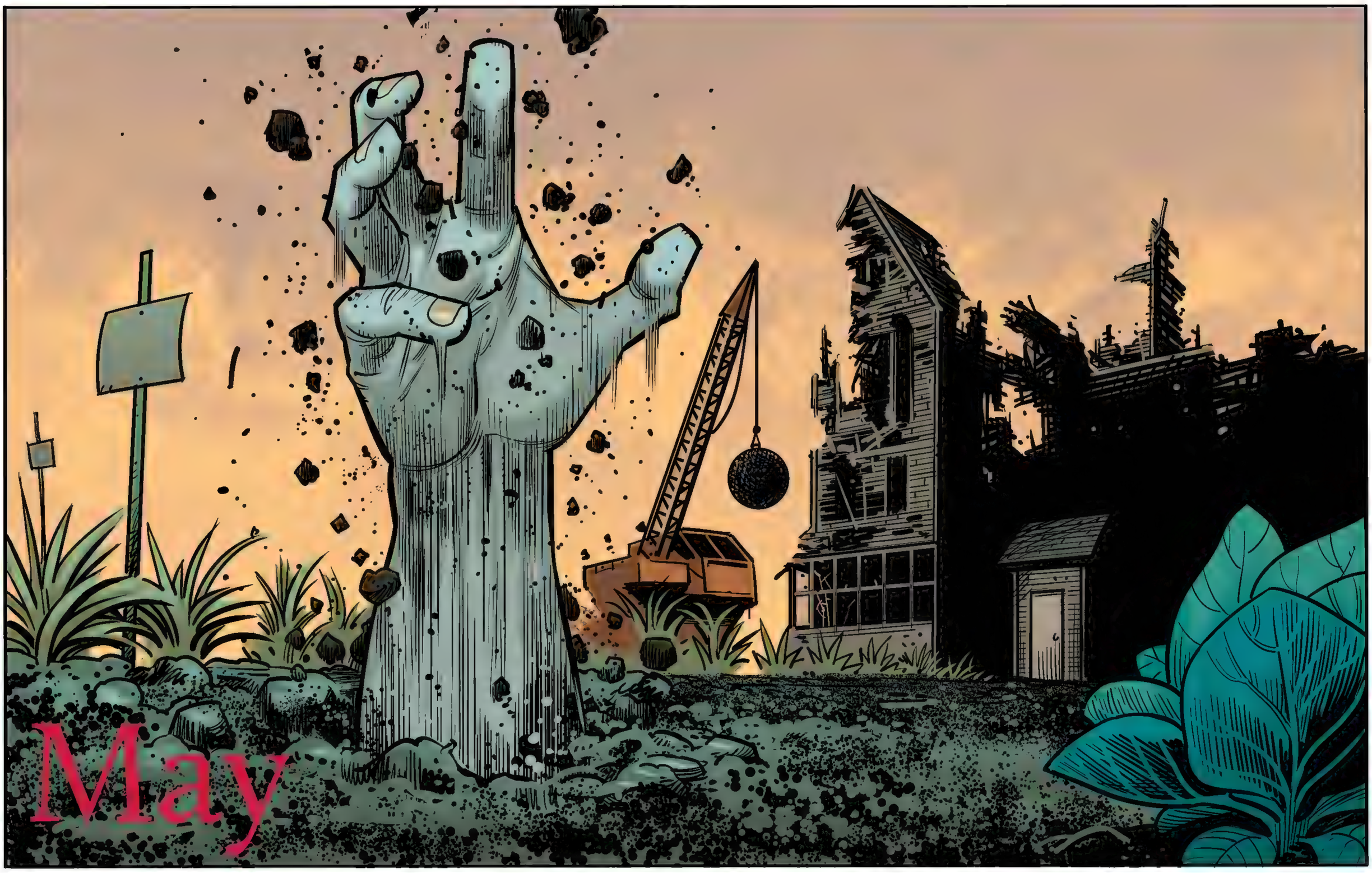
Chapter Five: Corporate Head Hunting


NEW
START
Storage & Transfer

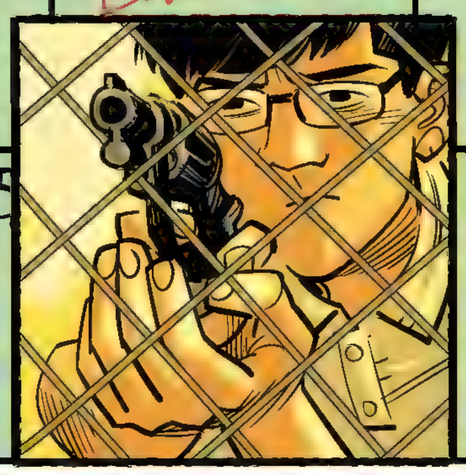

SEE YA, KID.
FREE

FREE


NO!



Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
31					1	2 Garbage Day
3 Piano	4 Birthing Coach	5 Lamaze	6 Rent due	7	8	9
10 Mothers' Day	11	12	13	14	15	16 Garbage Day
17 Piano	18	19 Lamaze	20	21	22	23
24 Piano Piano	25 Memorial Day	26	27	28	29	30



I'M PREGNANT.

YOUR **MOUTH** AIN'T.

CLOSE THE DOOR.

CLOSE THE DOOR.

CLOSE IT.

THE FUZZ

DON'T! STOP!

CALL YOUR DAD.

PLEASE TURN OFF YOUR PHONES.

Die Off
Endeavors
BABY, STAY PUT. OKAY?
No Answer
MOMM MADE MESS.
SLAM

elcome to your
ampaign will pro
f you will ever at
t the life of the
prove them
At stake is not o
we share. Many
My purpose, here
to survive, you
east one million
rteen months ag
daily for faili
These numbe
media to do
ctors, polit
been recru
Endeavors. T
lt undertaking
ly your own l
re called, but
today, is not
oney are availa
effort to enlist n
moderate succes
get enrollees i
or your travel
recruits. Curren
n Third World co
windling quickly.
orting your famil
ease keep in m
improvemen
agents are fin
, but that poo
ff funds are

THANK YOU AND GOOD NIGHT.

BLACK ANGUS
MOTEL-APTS
VACANCY
AIR CONDITIONING
WEEKLY RATES
NO PETS
CABLE TV
JACUZZI POOL
HAVEA NI E DAY

FREE

YOU BASTARD!

WHERE'S JUNIOR?

LOOK AT THIS CARD.

WHAT'S TYLER UP TO?

KNOCK KNOCK

NOT YET, BABY.

IS DADDY HERE?

MMM M MMMM MMMMM MMMMM MMM MM

NOT NOW, BABY. MOMMY'S MADE A MESS.

FORGIVE ME...

I'M SORRY... SO SORRY...

IT'S FOR MY KIDS.

THEIR MOM RECRUITED ME. I THOUGHT...I COULD SAVE US...

YOUR MILLION WILL SAVE MY WIFE...

DID HE... **RAPE** YOU?

JUST MY MOUTH!

I'M CALLING **THE POLICE!**

WHY?

YOU WERE ATTACKED!

DUH, BIGGER ISSUE!

SHOULD WE CHOP OFF HIS HEAD?

THIS IS THE BIGGEST BOX WE HAVE.

SO WE HACK OFF HIS ARMS AND LEGS?

AND HACK THE TORSO IN HALF.

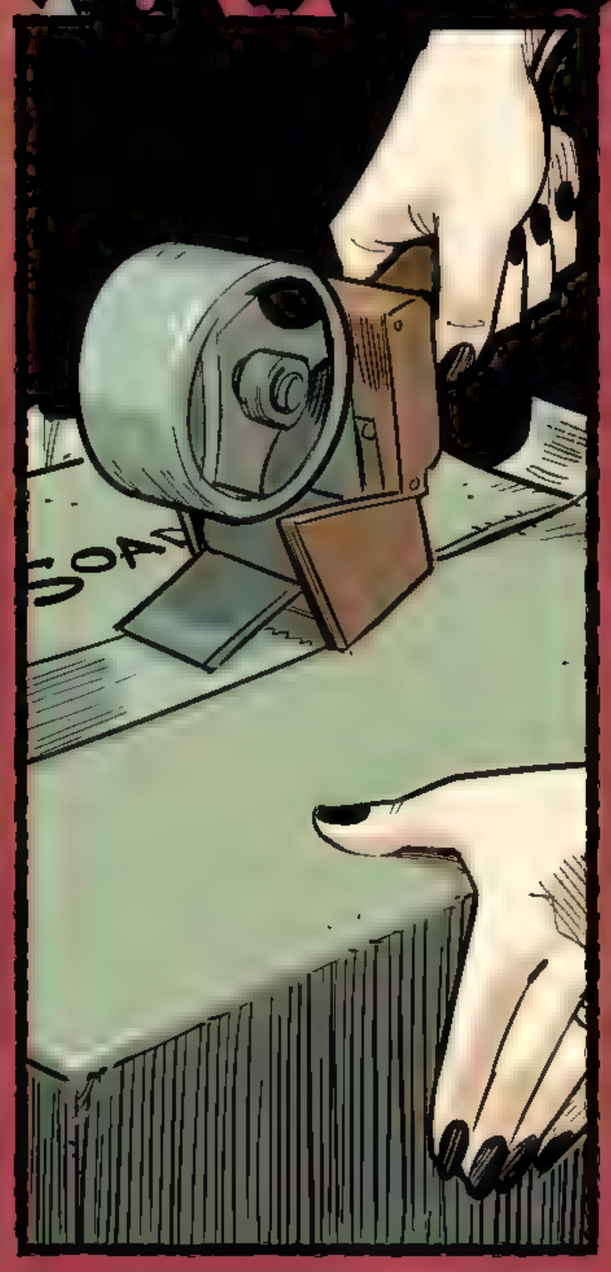
MOM?

SWEET DREAMS, BABY.

MOMMY WILL TUCK YOU IN, LATER.

I CAN'T.

THWACK



COMICS

Author's Shootin
Ruled Suicide

HANGERS
BOOZE
Gap
COMICS
MIGHT HURT THE BABY.
chik
NOT THIS BABY.
Women's Health Center
A woman can never be TOO RICH, TOO THIN, or TOO CLOSE TO THE EDGE
JUST A POKE.
TYLER SAID THE SAME THING.
TEXTBOOK D AND C.

INTO YOUR CERVIX...

...WILL EXPAND FOR NATURAL DILATION...

PERFECT.

!

ZING

YOU TRYING TO KILL SOMEBODY?!

THAT'S YOUR JOB!

THIS MEANS WAR!

FORGET IT.

THIS KID IS BULLET PROOF.

HANGERS

BOOZE

COMICS

SOMEBODY'S HORMONES ARE WACKY-DOODLE.

I NEED TO PEE!

YIPE!

HANGERS

YIKES!

HALF THAT BABY IS **MINE!** FROM NOW ON...**NO WIRE HANGERS!**

WHO DIED AND MADE **YOU** JOAN CRAWFORD?

mmm mmmm mmmmm m mmmmm mmm

NOW?

ONE MINUTE, BOSS.

COMICS

SCREW THE DAMAGE DEPOSIT.

MARLA?

SOB!

I CAN'T RECRUIT A MILLION OF ANYTHING.

AND I REFUSE TO.

URP!

TO THE BATHROOM.

?

ONE OF US HAS TO SURVIVE.

RECRUIT ALL THE WOMEN YOU CAN.

MAYBE TYLER CAN HELP.

BAR

IT'S NOT TYLER THIS TIME.

MOMMY?

HELP DADDY CARRY SOME BOXES.

sfer

FREE

HAPPY HEAD HUNTING!

SEE YA, KID!

Wed

lentine's Da

Chapter Six: Aggregating Content vs. Looting

MACK

POW

DANGER

GH VOLTAGE

GET TO THE EPISTASIS THEORY!

June

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						6
7						13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21 Father's Day	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	3				

SOME SAY THE WOOD USED WAS DOGWOOD...

"SO GOD PUNISHED THAT TREE BY MAKING IT WEAK."

OTHERS SAY THE WOOD WAS ASPEN...

"SO GOD DECREED THE ASPEN WOULD ALWAYS QUAKE IN FEAR."

DOCTRINE STATES THE WOOD GREW FROM THREE APPLE SEEDS...

"PLACED IN ADAM'S MOUTH AT HIS BURIAL."

Piano

Piano

Piano

Dentist

Buy Gift!!!

TSZZING

KAH-PLOW

BLOUW

BLAM BLAM

pffffit

szing

fooht

CLIK CLIK KLICK

BARK
BARK

GRRRROWLL
BARK

BARK

BARK

BARK

EPISTASIS THEORY POSITS THAT...

BARK

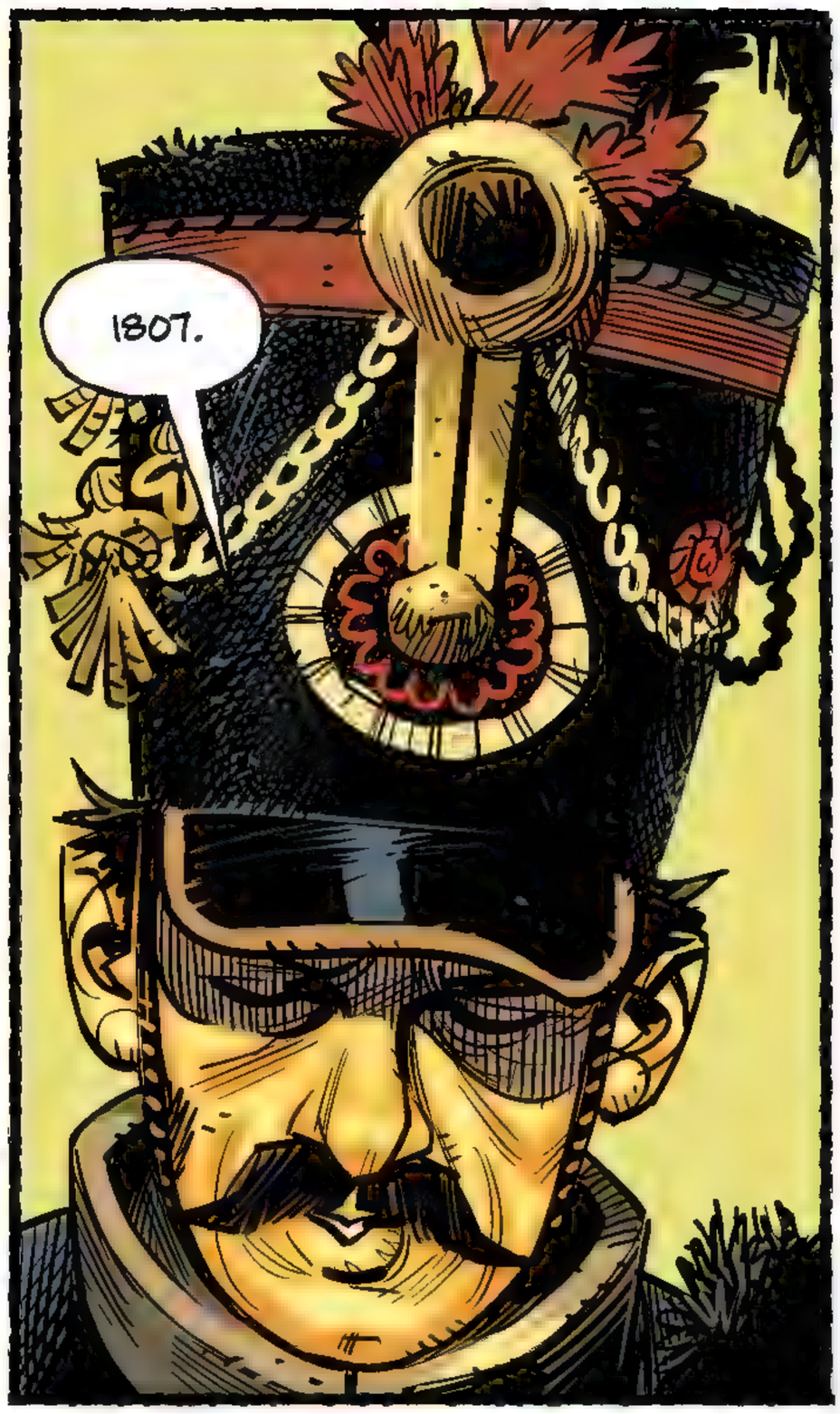
OOF!

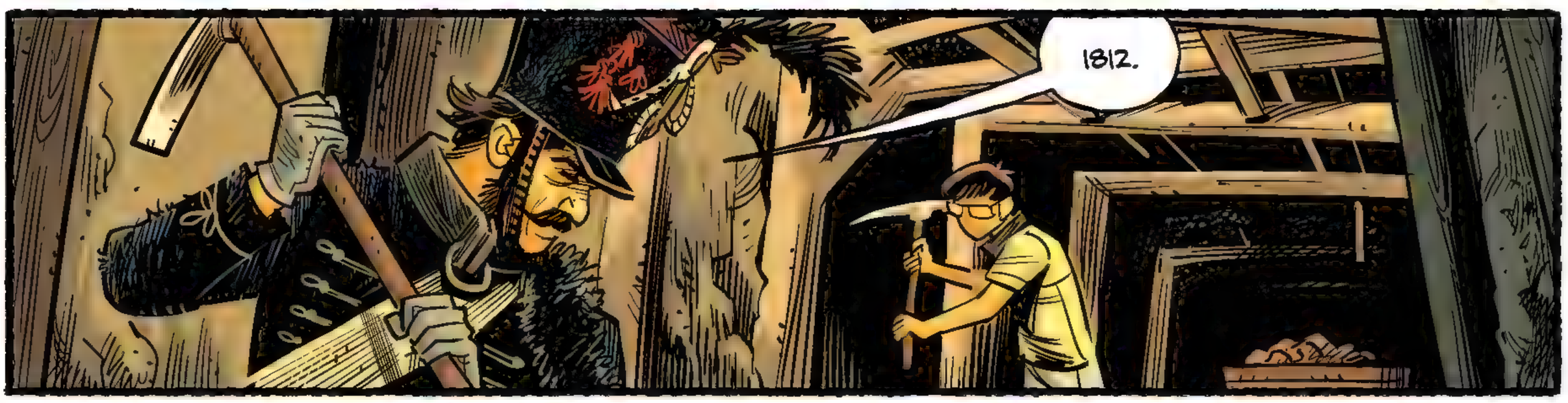
Ideas Breed BARK

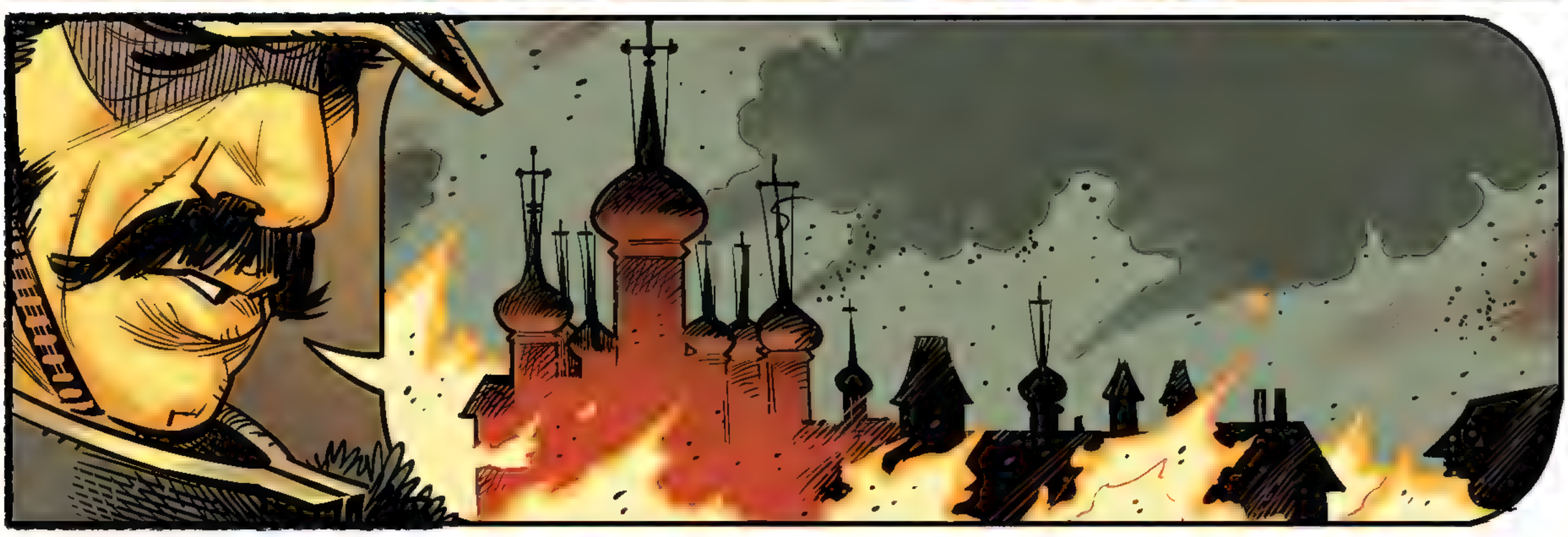
click

CLICK

???


1807.


1812.



???

RWIP

SHWIT

FFFFT

RIZE OR DIE INTERNATIONAL

kunstkamera.ru
rijksmuseum.nl
chelseacain.com
pixieproject.org
indianmuseumkolka...
pinacotecabrera.org
milan-museum.com/br...
louvre.fr
darkhorse.com
davidmack.net
museodelprado.es
artbell.com
midnightinthedesert.com
belvedere.at
mbaa.besancon.fr
coasttocoastam.com
blambot.com
chuckpalahniuk.net
litreactor.com
MGTOW.com
AVoiceForMen.com

What... do the following museums have in common?

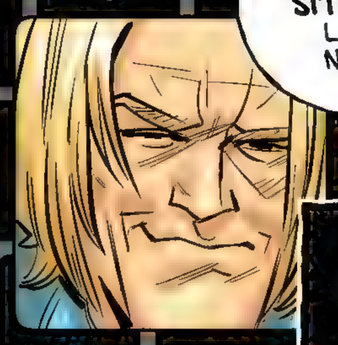
THE RIJKSMUSEUM...

THE BRERA GALLERIES...

THE ACCADEMIA...

THE PRADO...

THE LOUVRE...



♫♫♫

?

♫♫♫

READY!

AIM!

FIRE!

K-POW

PAM

B-DOUW

1939.

KRRRIP

RWRIP

PAH-WOUW
?
FEUER!
THE SIX MILLION...
RRIIP
READY...
AIM!

INTERNATIONAL

FIGHT CLUB 2

Art Withdrawn For Safety

SEEMS LIKE OU TIMES

KAH-BOOOM

RIIP

Countless Rize or Die Dead Still Missing

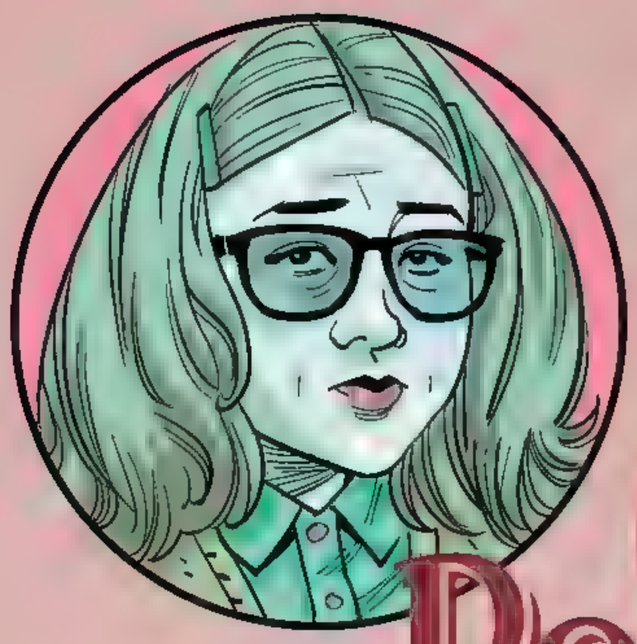
?

328 A.D.

INRI

Chapter Seven: Sexual Predators

MACK

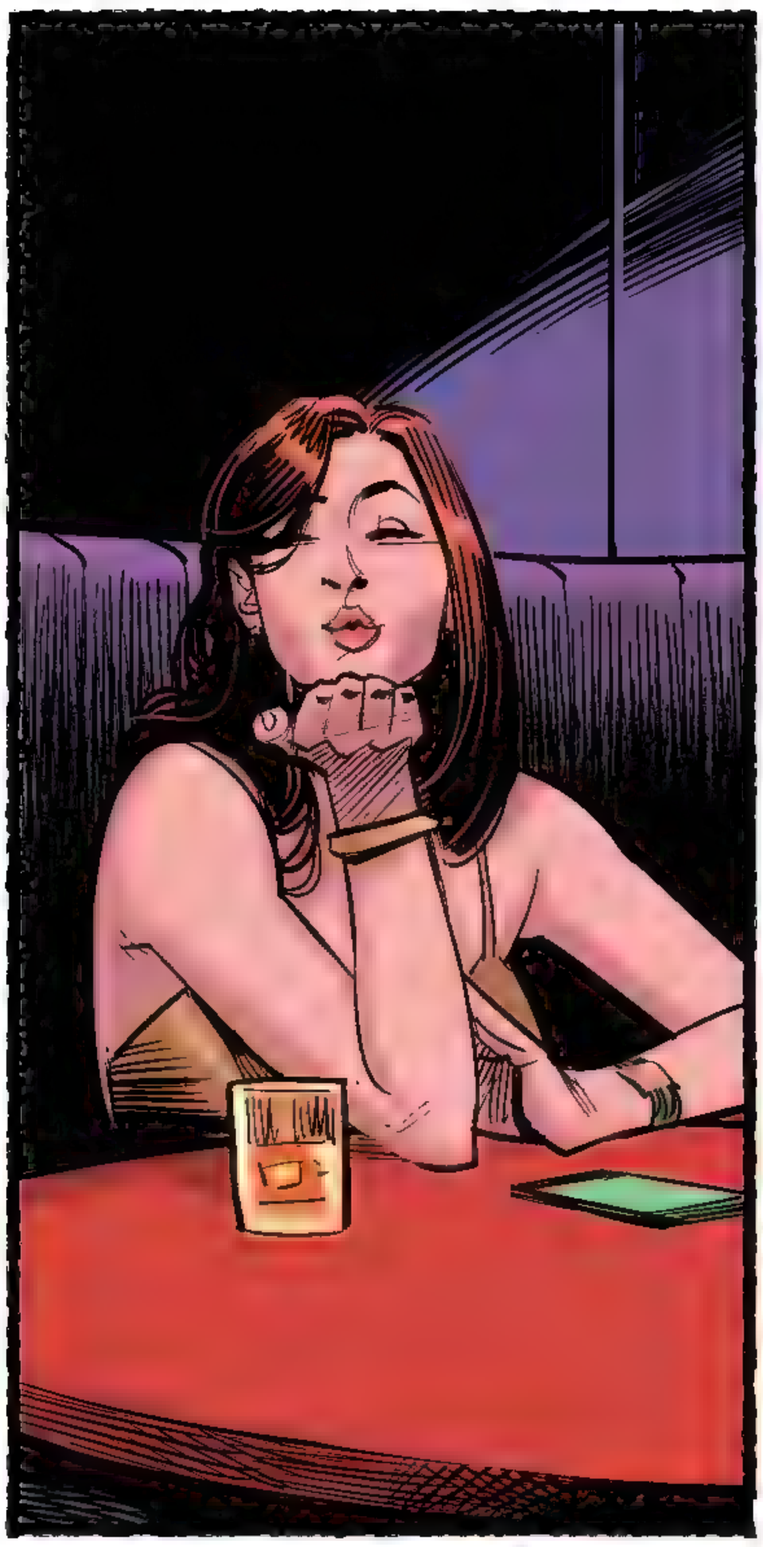


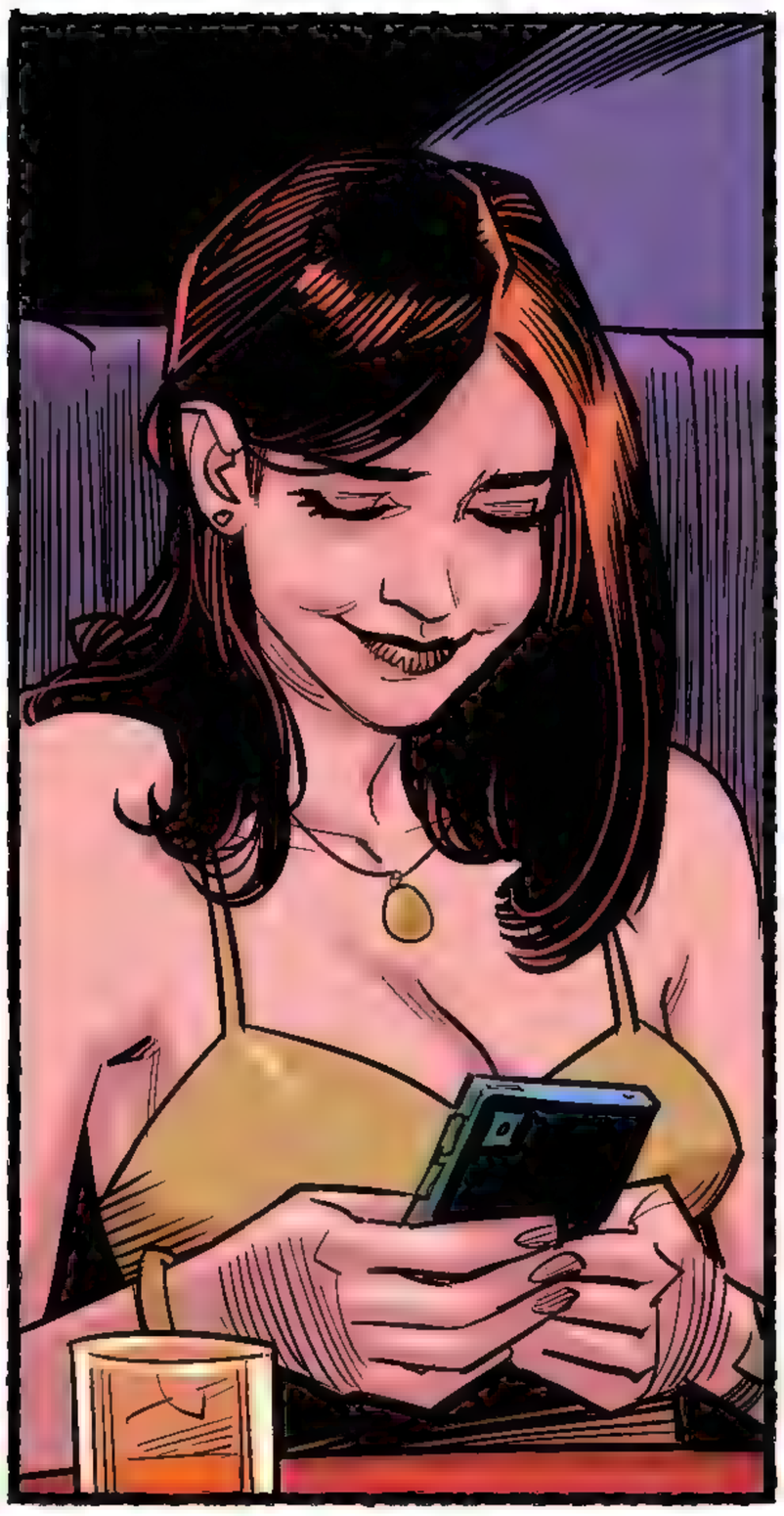
honeytrap

You have 1,237,588 new Love Matches!

Post-Modern Romance

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			I	2	3	4
		Piano				II
I	Garbage Out	Piano	I			18
I		Piano	2			25
2	Garbage Out	Piano	2	Obstetrician ★		





bing

MetroPCS LTE 10:34
New Message
U and me BFFs!!

tap
tap
tap
tap

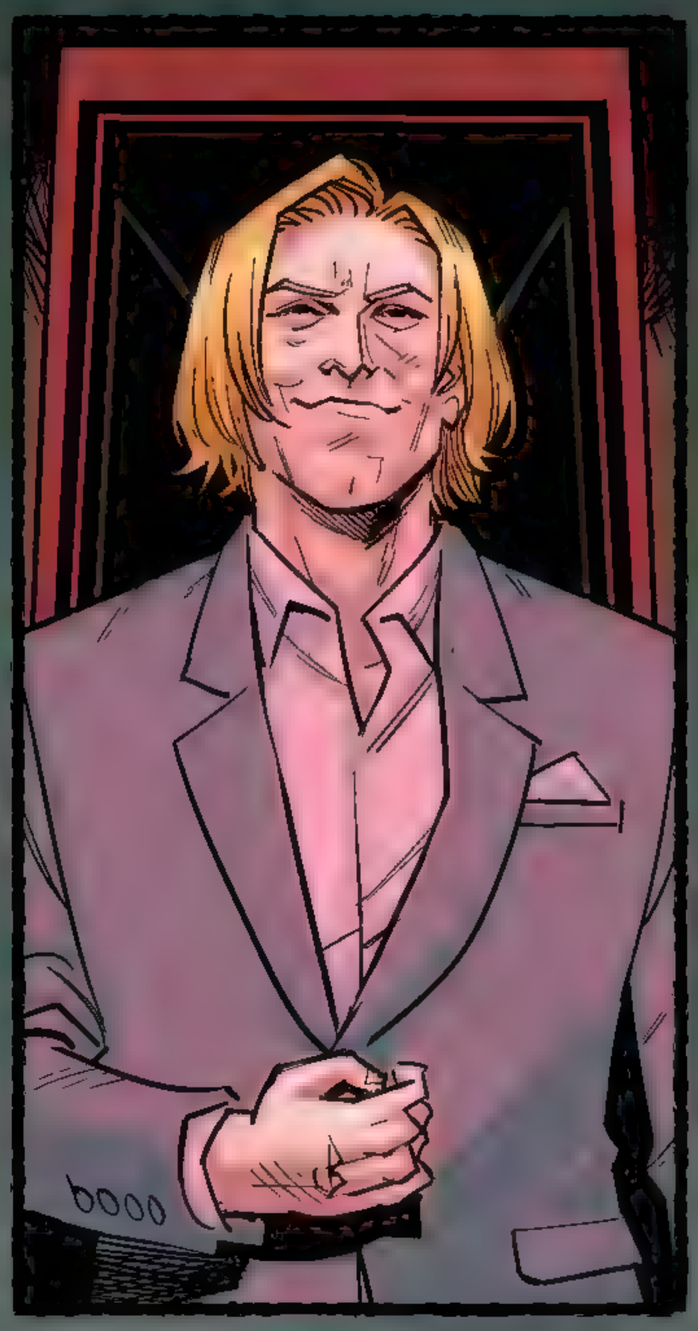
K-CLINKLE

THIS ONE'S ON ME.

HEY, HOTTIE!

SHAKE IT WITH **US!**

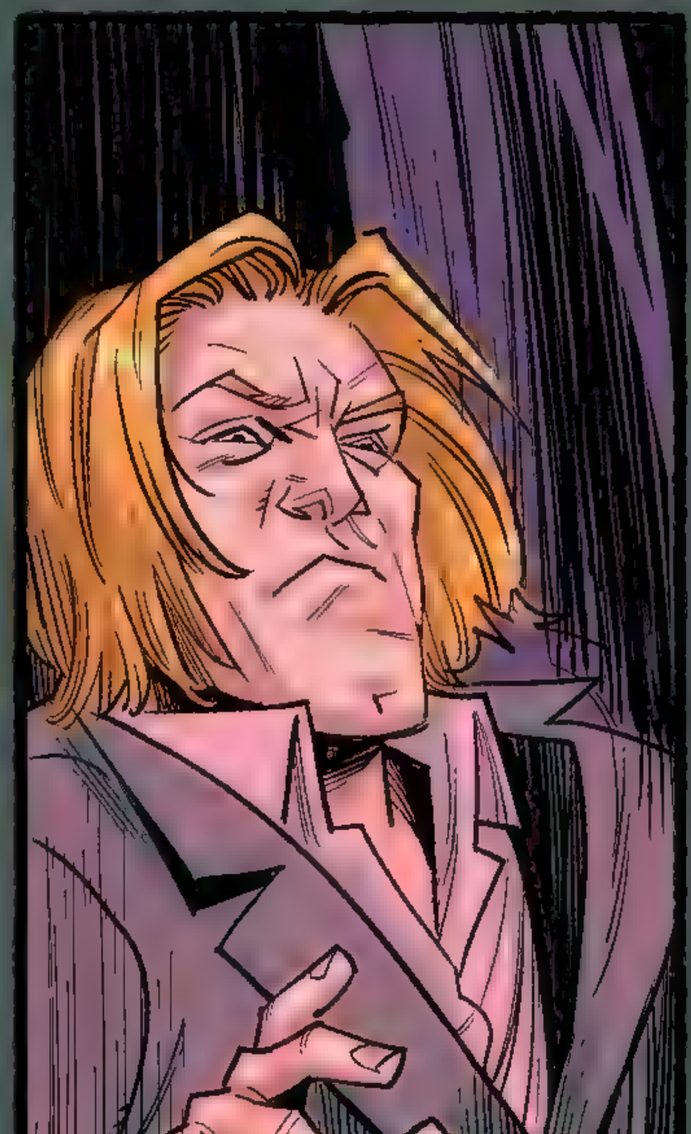
NOT SO FAST.

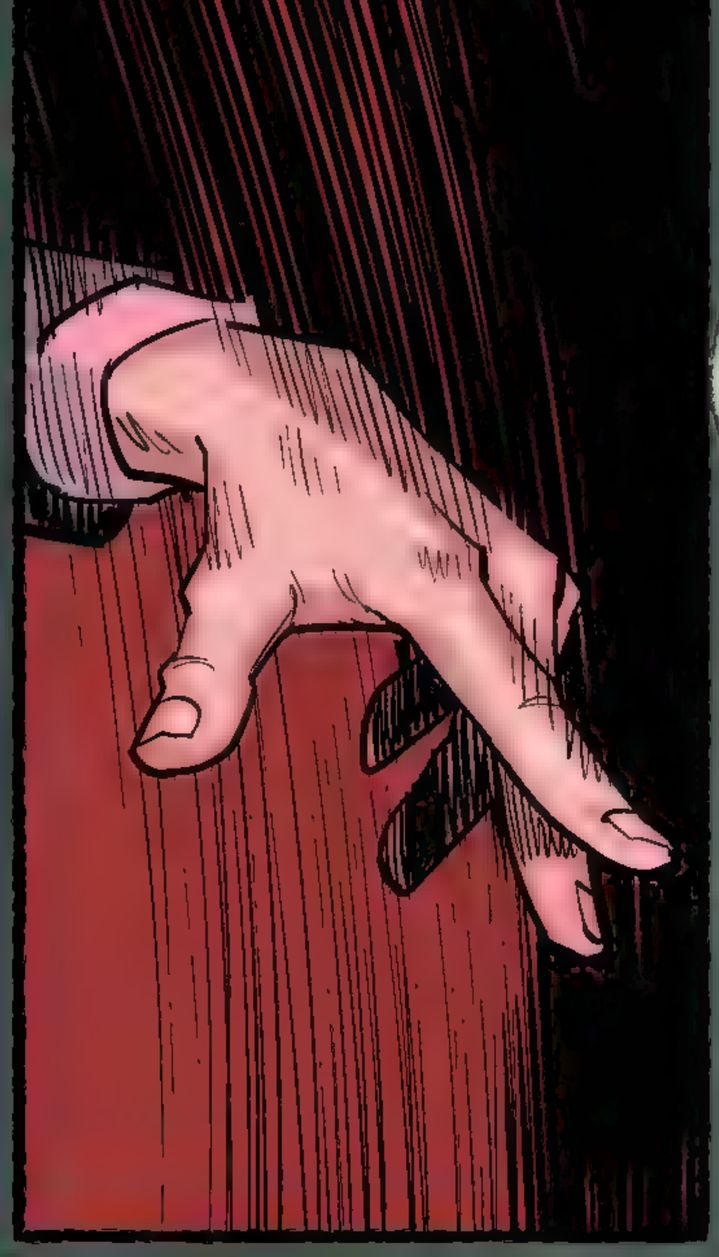

booo

KAH-WHAM
booo

SWOSH

SNATCH





BAM

TYLER. TYLER DURDEN.

MELANIE.

WHAT EXCITES YOU?

ANIMAL RESCUE.

WANNA RESCUE ME?

HERE'S BINGO.

HERE'S RIDLEY.

DID YOU EVER HAVE A DOG?

LET'S GO SOMEPLACE QUIET.

YOU RECRUITED HER, RIGHT?

Velour

WORSE.

StapleMax

Printers
Ink Cartridges

Permanent Markers

HOW ABOUT MY PLACE?

FIRST THINGS FIRST.

I THOUGHT...

DRIVE ME BACK.

WHAT HAPPENED TO MR. BIG-GAME **SPORT** FUCKER?!

MR. HUMP-AND-RELEASE TROPHY HUNTER?!

MR. SEXUAL PREDATOR?!

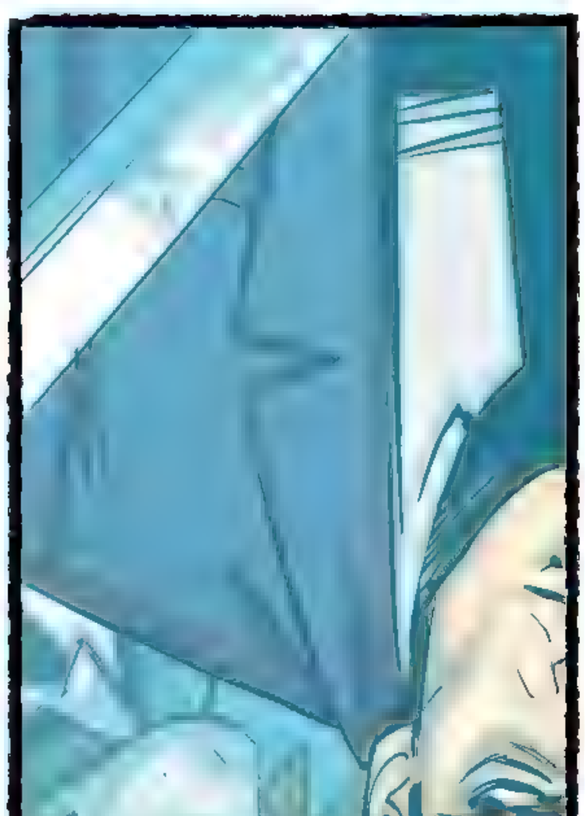
LET'S SHAKE IT, GIRLFRIENDS!

NEVER SEND A SOCIOPATHIC ANARCHISTIC ALTERNATE PERSONALITY TO DO A MAN'S JOB!

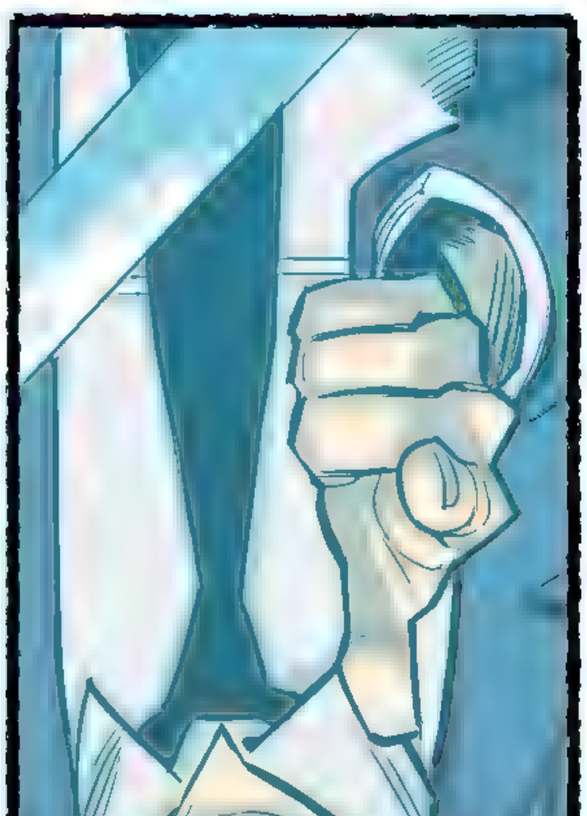
SLAM

TEN DOLLAR COVER.

COVER $10.00 LADIES FR


PATHETIC.

ANGEL.
MISSING AN
MUST BE
HEAVEN


BABY!
HEY.

tap

ROSEKI

HEAVEN MUST BE ...

FUCK OFF.

YOU!

I DIDN'T **RECRUIT** YOU TO **ANNOY** WOMEN!

SEDUCE HER!

YOU'RE MY CHERRY-POP'N' **MEAT** GRINDER?!

YOU WANT TO DIE?!

SNATCH

GROW MY NUMBERS!

HOPELESS!

PREP HIM.

Die Off Endeavors

NNG!

THIS MEANS WAR...

CLOSE HIM UP.

SO YOU'RE MY CONSCIENCE?

YOU EXPECTED A CRICKET?

IS YOUR LIFE WORTH THE LIVES OF ONE MILLION PEOPLE?

IT'S ABOUT JUNIOR.

JUNIOR AND THE NEW BABY.

TYLER WILL SAVE THEM.

"TYLER WILL ENTER YOUR SON..."

SNATCH

CRAAK

CRASH

JAHB

GROOF

SOAR

SPLUTCH

TYLER WILL RAISE YOUR FAMILY.

HAVE YOU TOLD TYLER ABOUT ME?

NO.

PROMISE YOU WON'T TELL HIM?

I PROMISE.

YOU SWEAR?

I SWEAR!

YOU PROMISE?

I DO!

beeeep beep beep

THAT'S THREE TIMES YOU PROMISED.

NOW, WAKE UP.

ASTOUNDING!

A MIRROR.

NO!

SUCCESS!

I'M A MONSTER!

AND A DAMNED SEXY ONE, TOO!

I'M MUTILATED!

BUTT IMPLANTS?

CHECK.

CHEEKBONE AND CHIN IMPLANTS?

CHECK.

FULL BODY WAX?

CHECK.

HAIR EXTENSIONS?

CHECK.

FWIP

FWIP

FWIP

FASTER!
STRONGER!
BETTER!
THAN HE WAS.
BETTER
MAKE HIM
WE CAN

DADS

AGAIN?
ARE YOU,
WHO

GOOD!
LOOKIN'

ASSEMBLE

Chapter Eight: Body Fluid Bondage

SIGH

SCHOOL BUS

August

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
3	4 Yoga	5 Piano		6 Garbage Hiroshima Day		1
9	10	Piano		13 Yoga		
16	17	18 Piano	19	20	21	22
	24 -bage	Piano		2 Yoga		29

GASP

SLASH

tok

GKK!

WAKE UP.

BEDROOM

YAWN

Bap Comics

STAB

WATCH IT!

STAB

YOUCH!

HEY, LADY!

STAB

STAB

STAB

A WARNING...!

ORPHANS WHO SURVIVE THE DIE OFF...

CAN YOUR HUSBAND SUCCEED?

BUMMER...

YOU MUST KNOW A SLUT.

NOPE.

ANYBODY WHO'LL PULL A TRAIN?

NONE.

ONE HO BAG?

MAYBE ONE...

DUDE!

THE DEAL IS...

...RECRUIT US A MILLION...

TANNING

1. Ult

2.

3.

4. EX

POSTURE

1.

2.

3.

4. L

WARDROBE

...AND WE'LL CHANGE YOU BACK.

I'M AN UGLY VERSION OF MY **UGLY** SIDE!

WHO'S LEFT?
I KNOW THE PLACE.
A GYM?
NOPE.
A SEX CLUB?
NEGATIVE.
THEN, WHERE?
DING DONG DING DONG
DUDE, WHAT'S UP WITH THAT FACE?

IT'S **YOUR** FACE.

DID YOU TAKE SOMETHING?

DON'T.

YOU TOOK VIAGRA!

HA HA HAA!

YOU HAVE **VIAGRA FACE!**

NOT IN THE EAR!

BAM

DUDE, YOU LOOK LIKE **SATAN!**

BAM

NOT IN THE EAR!

A SOUL IN TURMOIL.

GO TO HIS AID!

DUDE, YOU LOOK LIKE **SATAN!**

?!

LAY HANDS UPON HIM!

COME FORTH, UNCLEAN SPIRIT!

DO IT.

PURGE HIS FILTH!

NOW.

SPLOT

SP-LOT

SPLOOSH

BWRETCH

HAWK

BURNING MY EYES!

Die Off Endeavors

-4086

IT WAS FUNNIER IN THE MOVIE.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY?

NO, THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS.

BEDROOM

YAWWN

YOU IN THERE?

STILL KICKING?

MARLA?

HOSPICE. PALLIATIVE CARE.

YOU STILL HORNY?

DOES ROSE KENNEDY OWN A BLACK DRESS?

ATTA GIRL!

TALK TO ME.

1,000,000?!

1,000,000.

SNAP

I'LL NEED...

Petroleum Jelly

SO BRAVE!

YOUR JOURNEY OF A **MILLION** RECRUITS BEGINS WITH ME. HOW DOES THIS HEAD-HUNTING THING WORK?

beep-bleep

beep-bleep

beep-bleep

beep-bleep

EXCUSE US.

beep-bleep

beep-bleep

SLAP

OOOOH. MOAN! WHIMPER... SQUEAL!

beep-bleebeep-bleep beep-bleep

OH. OH...!

beep- beep- bleep beep-eep beep bleep bleep bleep

WHIMPER

bleep-beep bleep bleep-bleep

OH, YES!

beep-bleep

OXYGEN!

FOR HER!

PANT! WHEEZE!

Calling... DIE OFF ENDEAVORS

SCORE ONE FOR MARLA SINGER.

GRAB MY DARVON, AND LET'S KICK IT!

WHERE TO?

OOMMMM OOMMM OOOMM

WHAT'S THIS?

OOOMM OOOOM OOM

EXPLOSIVE SENSUAL LOCUS FOR CONSENSUAL POLYAMOROUS INTIMATE EXPLORATION.

A DESIGNATED LIMINOID SPACE FOR **INTERPERSONAL PHYSICAL** ERIMENTATION.

A WHAT?

OOOMM OOOOM OOOM

OOOMM OOMMM OOOOM

OOMMM OOMMM

OOMMMM OOMMM

A SEX CLUB?

A SEX CLUB.

OOM

RECENTLY...

OOMMM

TIME TO GET **YOUR** HANDS DIRTY.

OOMMM

OOMMM

OOOM

WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

OOOMM OOOMM OOOMM

The LAST ROUND-UP

AN EXCLUSIVE SENSUAL LOCUS FOR CONSENSUAL POLYAMOROUS INTIMATE EXPLORATION.

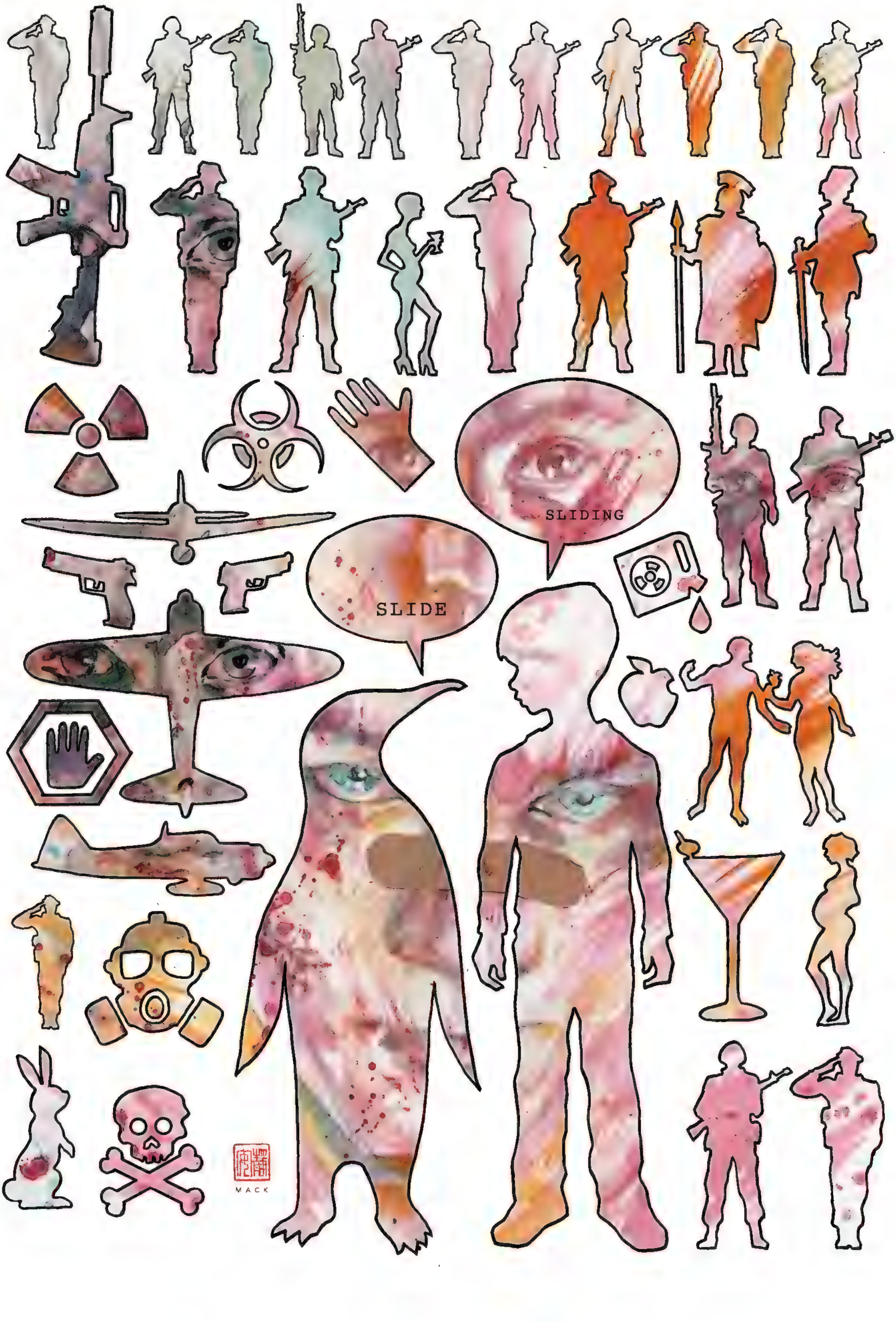
LAME.

HAVE ANY CAMERON STEWART?

COMICS

AN EXCLUSIVE SENSUAL LOCUS FOR... WHAT?

Chapter Nine: The Big Bang in Reverse



MACK

IS SHE OKAY?

WHO?

...ANGEL CAT BIRD.

~~SOAP~~ COMICS

SKREAEEM!!

bring-bring bring-bring bring-bring

September

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1 Piano	2 Book Delivery Suite	3	4	5
		Piano				12
		Literacy Day				
		1 Piano		17		19
20	21 Int'l Peace Da	22 Piano	23	24	25 Comic Book Day	26
27	2 BABY DUE!!!		3			

LIKE BLUEBEARD...

SEEN WORSE.

YOU MEAN MR. SLOVAK?

SPAY AND NEUTER YOUR PETS

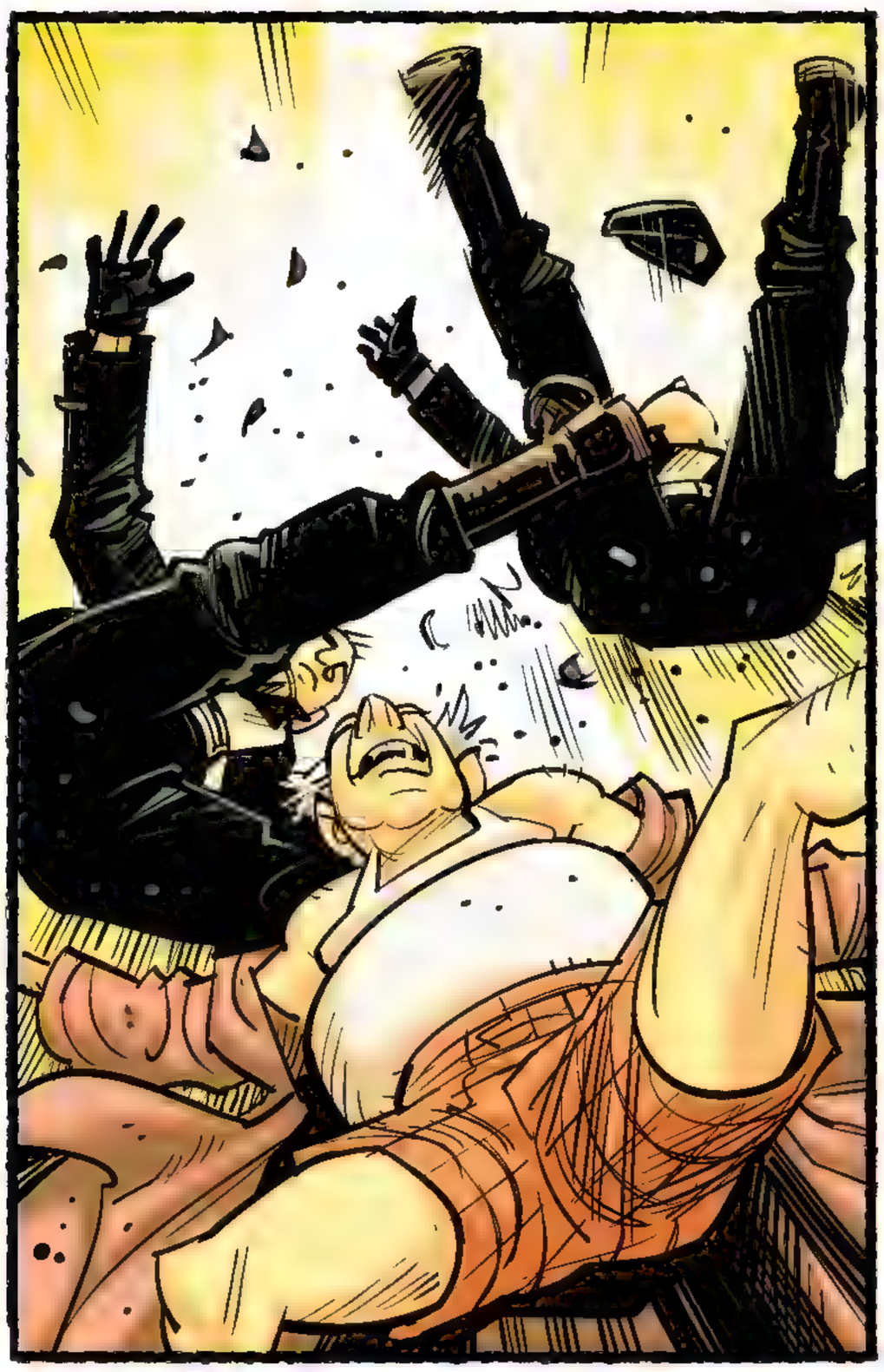
B-76

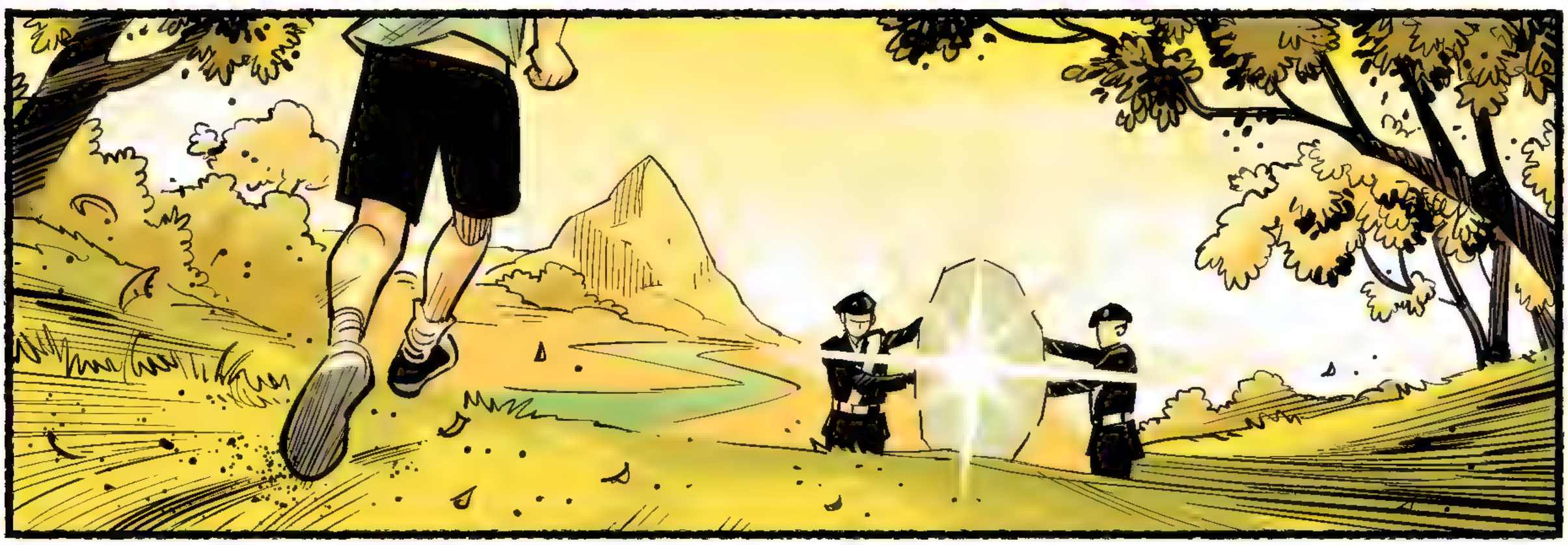
MOM?!

THANK YOU FOR CALLING DIE OFF ENDEAVORS.

GOOD-BYE.

RWOW





IF YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE A CALL, PLEASE HANG UP AND TRY...

B-76

IT WAS A DREAM, RIGHT?

WRONG.

KNOW WHAT BIOLOGICAL WARFARE IS?

GERMS?

Die Off Endeavors

WHERE'S YOUR DAD?

AT WORK.

AND YOUR MOM?

LAST ROUND-UP

is for lovers

GIRLS' NIGHT OUT.

CHLOE!

CHLOE, GIRL!

LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN!

WELCOME BACK!

SUNDAY STILL GANG BANG NIGHT?

THE BIGGEST GREEN APPLE MARTINI YOU GOT.

THIRSTY?

LOVER!

I'VE MISSED YOU!

WORK IT!

GO GIRL!

BACK IN THE SADDLE!

GO CHLOE!

GO CHL

PEEL, BABY!

OE

O

CHLOE!

OOM-BOOM

OOM-BOOM

OOM-BOOM

GO CHLOE!
GO CHLOE!
GO CHLOE!

OOM-BOOM
OOM-BOOM
OOM-BOOM
OOM-BO

[redacted]

DING

ORGY ROOM

INTERESTING.

TIME REMAINING: 18:12:35:59

NAME	TALLY	DAYS REMAINING
Lina Attwood		
Annemarie Nicolson		
Ilene Thakkar		
Lamonica P		
Jack Kawak		
Aiph ey		
hale Yamada		
key Buckwalter		
Jennell Mossman		
Herlinda Hafner		
Jeffry Rushton		
Brant Parfait		
Snanda Estill		
Donella Trexle		
Usha Messmer		
Cletus Roush		
Serita Moroz		
Milan Greenberg		
Paige Garr		
Royce Breese		
Renee Bohman		
Seth Raiford		
Elenore Benfield		
Vivienne Bough		
Loreta Cobian		
Boris Audia		
Valencia Dalby		
Monte Mowbray		
Yung Mojica		
Lavern Gano		
Judy Ohearn		
Zelma Santora		
Rossie Carmack		
Albertha Busch		
Suzie Maggi		
Trent Creegan		
Arletta Rasheed		
Reynaldo Schisler		
Twanda Marois		
Ilana Horak		
Clotilde Faulkenber		
Mariella Rolls		
Chantelle Brando		
Rebecka Aguin		
Kisha Sheller		
Earlean Henry		
Ashlie Talarico		

DING DING

Leonardo DiCaprio	4948
Hugh Hefner	13986
Marla Singer	1
Gene Simmons	26987
Anna Nicole Smith	354

DING DING

Hugh Hefner	1398
Marla Singer	11
Gene Simmons	2698

YOUR MOTHER IS AN EXCELLENT VECTOR.

DON'T MAKE ME PUNCH YOU...

DING DING DING DING

GO CHLOE!

GO CHLOE

Die Off

DISPER[redacted] KEY.

GO CHLOE

"THE GOLDEN HORDE LAUNCHED DEAD PLAGUE VICTIMS...

"...TRIGGERING THE BLACK DEATH, WHICH KILLED ONE HUNDRED MILLION."

DING

4356
1398
2488
2698
254

DURING WORLD WAR II...

"JAPANESE BOMBERS...

"...HOLLOW BALLS OF PORCELAIN..."

KAH-PING

"...RELEASING FLEAS INFECTED WITH TYPHUS AND BUBONIC PLAGUE, KILLING FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND CHINESE."

a Singer

DING

24,996

WHETHER IT'S ANTHRAX OR GLANDERS OR WHEAT BLAST...

...THE ELECTROSTATIC CHARGE CLUMPS E AGENTS...

WE NEEDED BETTER DISPERSAL...

DING

DING

bert Paulson

Balthazar

YOU'RE T
WINGM

crack

The
DUNGEON

DOCTOR'S OFFICE

YOU'RE WINGMAN.

OPEN WIDE!

SLAVE AUCTION

GOING... GOING...

DUDE, YOU'RE GUZZLING **ANAL LUBE.**

PTUU!

ORGY ROOM

CHLOE?!

I KNOW THAT VOICE...

RUNNING WOLF!

I'M WINGMAN!

WHY'S THE POPCORN HERE ALWAYS STALE?

YOU'VE BROUGHT ME HERE BEFORE?

JUST YOUR BODY.

THAT'S RAPE!

IS THERE SELF-RAPE?

TOUCH ME...MAKE ME REAL!

SMALL WORLD.

STARTING TO HURT A TAD...

SEE ANY DARVON?

YOU!

YOU

YOU WANTED THIS...

IF BALTHAZAR FINDS OUT THIS ISN'T HIS CHILD...

...IT WILL BREAK HIS HEART.

gulp

YOU'D CUCKOLD HIM?

YOU'D NEVER UNDERSTAND, BUT I LOVE HIM SO MUCH.

YOU DON'T LOVE ME?

GO CHLOE! GO CHLOE! GO CHLOE!

STEPHEN, TELL ME YOUR BRIEF HISTORY OF [redacted]

[redacted]

TYLER, I NEVER LOVED YOU.

WHERE'S JUNIOR?

THE BONOBOS MONKEY...

...NO ENEMIES OR PREDATORS...

...ABUNDANT FOOD...

JUST EAT, SLEEP, AND RUT.

THAT'S **ALL** THEY DO?

THEY NEED A PREDATOR.

THE UNIVERSE HAS EXPANDED LONG ENOUGH.

THE BEST METHOD FOR DISPERSAL WAS THE SAME MECHANISM THAT CREATED THE POPULATION EXPLOSION.

DING

Marla Singer 35,109

...BEYOND SUSTAINABILITY...

...A CONTROLLED DOWNSIZING...

...THE BIG BANG IN REVERSE...

DING DING DING

AN ANGEL JUST GOT WINGS.

GO CHLOE! GO CHLOE! GO CHLOE

YOU WERE EXPECTING THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, MAYBE?

MISS YOUR GRANDMOTHER?

NANCY? WHY?

HER WISDOM?

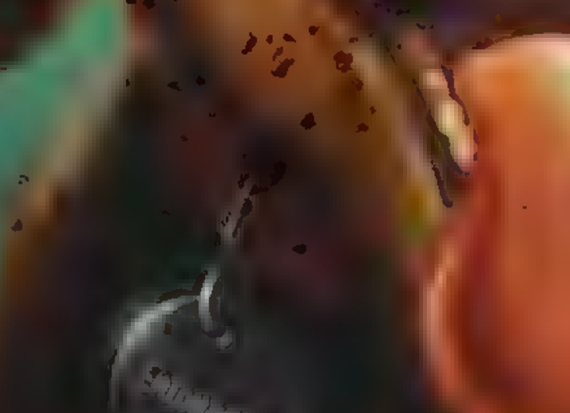
WHY DOES YOUR BREATH SMELL LIKE ANAL LUBE?

DING

The Daily Record

Whether you're red pilled, black pilled or white pilled . . . we offer an antidote

ASK MISS INFORMATION!



Dear Mr.

First the b news. According to Social

Now for the truly . The ruling elite have lived in many generations long expanding hoi polloi.

Chapter Ten: Nativity Scene

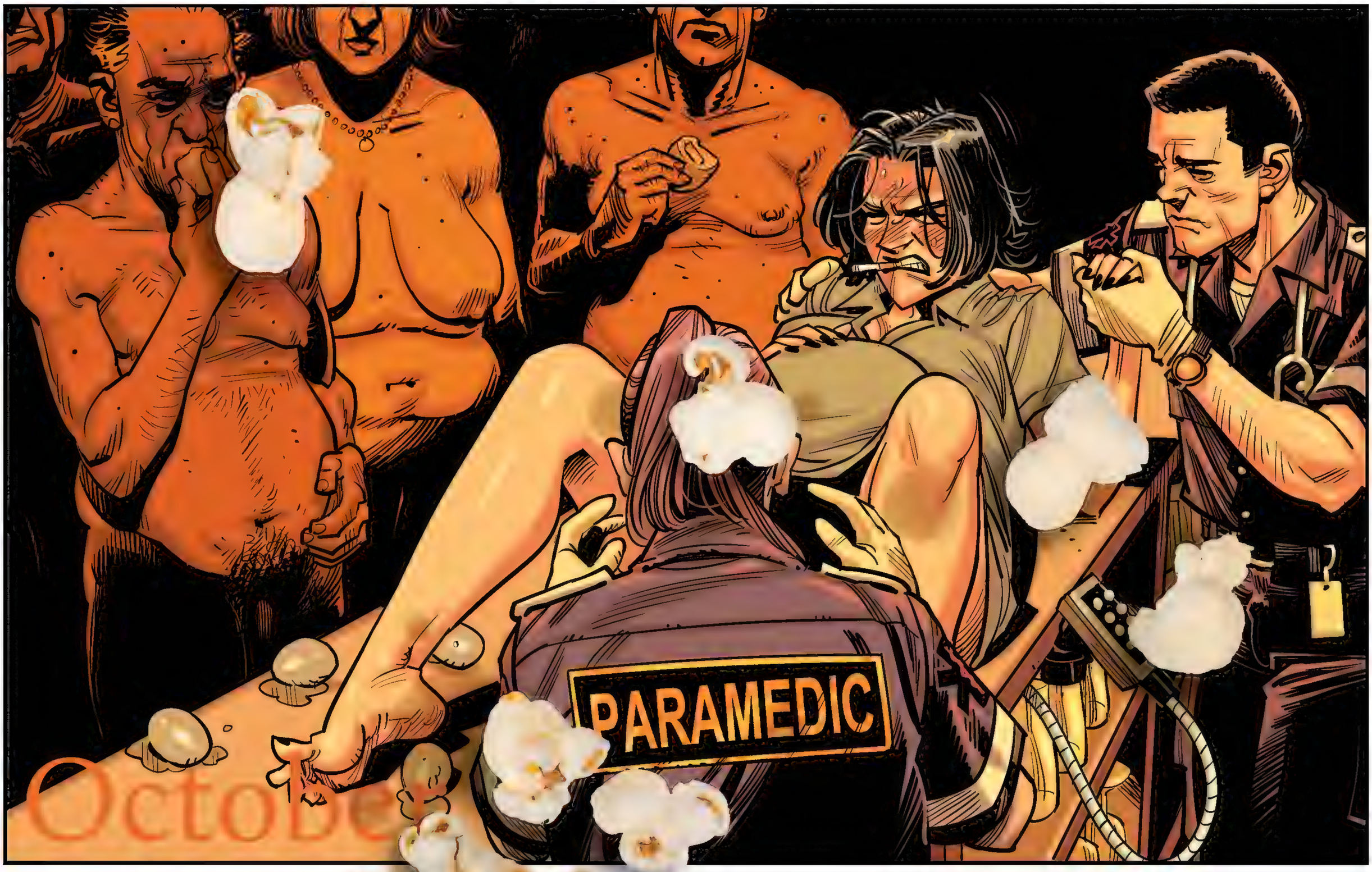
ROOAARR!

IT'S NEVER EASY WHEN YOU LOSE A PARENT...

SOMEONE, PLEASE! HELP ME!

ROAR

NOT EVEN FOR MARLA SINGER.



Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					2	3
4	5 Garbage	6		9	10	
11	1	Piano		1		17
18	19 Garbage	20 Piano		2	Doula	24
25	26	27 Piano	2 Nat'l Chocolate Day		Diaper Service / Post-partum Counselor?	31 Hallowe'en

HELP ME!

I'M HELPLESS AND NAKED!

DID I SAY I'M NAKED?!

snif

OH!

BACK, FIERCE, SEXUALLY AROUSED CAT BEAST!

ROOAAR!

WAK

DON'T! STOP! DON'T, STOP! DON'T STOP!

UNHAND ME, YOU WILD THING!

THWOOP

POODLE.

"POODLE"?

THEIR SAFE WORD.

YOU WENT **WITHOUT** ME?!

YOU'RE NOT A **COUGAR.** YOU'RE A **PIG!**

WATSON?!

WHA' HAPPEN--

SOME LATE-NIGHT ROLE PLAYING GONE AWRY...

NEVER TELL MARLA, PLEASE...

THE COURTS CALLED IT "DEATH BY MISADVENTURE."

TYLER'S THERE BECAUSE HE AND MARLA'S MOM... SHE AND HIM...

MY DAUGHTER IS THREE.

DIVORCE IS OUT OF THE QUESTION.

FURRY PLAY.

LURE HIM OUT?

SHE DOESN'T REMEMBER...

SINGER

BELOVED FATHER

...BUT MARLA HAS KNOWN ME FOR A LONG TIME.

AS FOR MARLA'S MOTHER...

ZIP ME UP?

HER APPETITE WAS WHETTED.

I HOPE NO HUNGRY **GRIZZLIES** EAT ME!

RROOAARRR

GOSH, IT'S DARK AND SCARY!

ROAAARRR

DOES THE HUNGRY BEAST KNOW I HAVE WORK TOMORROW?

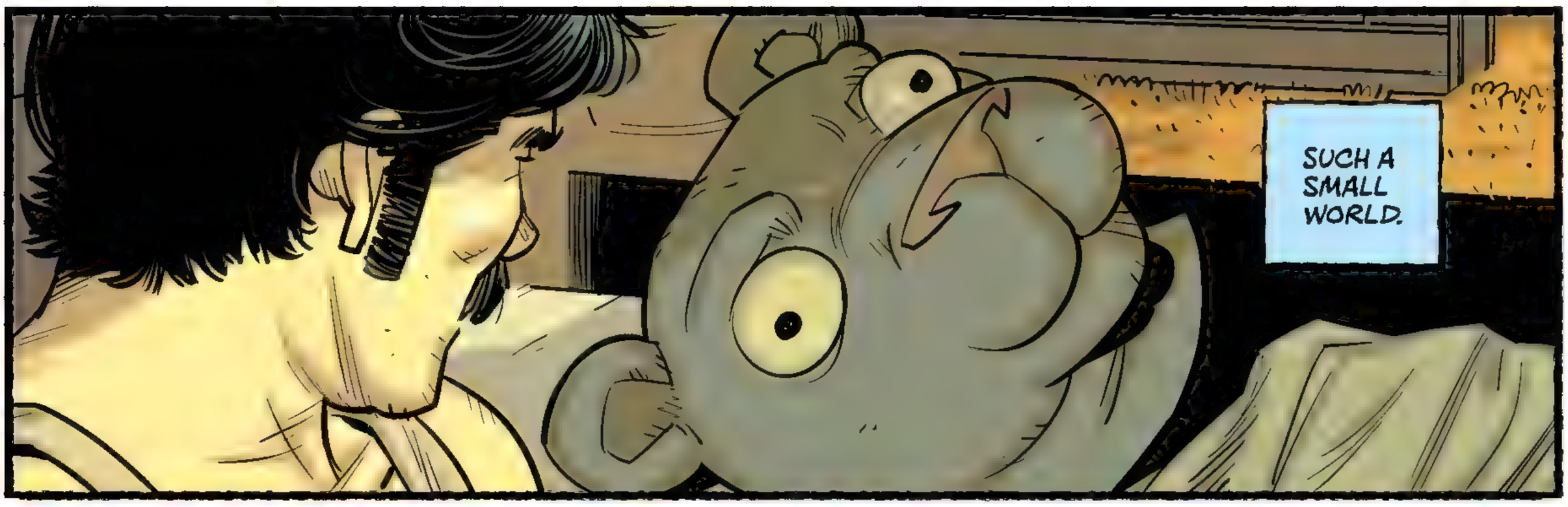
tap tap tap

BROOAAR

RIP OUT MY HEART, YOU FERAL MONSTER, YOU.

POOOOLE!

brrrjiiiingg
BALTHAZAR'S FATHER.


SUCH A SMALL WORLD.

AS FOR MARLA...

WHO I AM

MY FATHER DIED IN A HUNTING ACCIDENT. A BEAR ATE MY MOTHER...

"...I LIVE WITH MY GRANDMOTHER...

"...WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING."

SOMEDAY YOU'LL MEET SOMEONE VERY SPECIAL.

SHE HAS NO CLUE WHY YEARS LATER...

...SHE WOULD BE SO... SMITTEN.

WHERE DO BABIES COME FROM?

The LAST ROUND-UP

GO CHLOE!
GO CHLOE!
GO CHLOE!
GO CHLOE!
GO CHLOE!

SHE TOLD ME...

IF YOU EAT STRAWBERRIES...

SLEEP ON YOUR BACK...

"... AND YOUR CORD WILL STRANGLE HIM!"

BEST OF ALL...

IN YOUR THIRD TRIMESTER...

STEINMANN
Genuine Dill
PICKLES
Kosher Style

TO ALWAYS CARRY A JAR...

KER-RASH

TO DROP...

...WHEN YOUR WATER BREAKS.

SUCH MODESTY!

WHERE'S MY DARVON?!

tap tap tap tap

I'M SAVING YOUR LIFE.

SWIPE

THIS WAS FULL!

I LOVE HER.

WHY?

I MISS MY GRANDMOTHER.

NOT A FOR-REAL SUICIDE.

BUT EVERYONE I LOVE IS DEAD.

... ONE OF THOSE CRY-FOR-HELP THINGS.

KNOCK KNOCK

GUESS WHO TURNED UP TO DEAL WITH HER DADDY ISSUES?

Beloved

MISS SINGER?!

PARAMEDIC

HER DAD CAUGHT AN ARROW! A BEAR ATE HER MOM--

EXI

HOTEL

LAST WEEK, HER GRANDMOTHER WAS COMPLETELY HEALTHY...!

106

YOU HAVE PEOPLE WHO LOVE YOU!

FOR HER BIRTHDAY...

"...AT THE PRESSMAN HOTEL."

WHEN I FOUND HER...

KNOCK KNOCK

CAUSE OF DEATH?

FOOD POISONING.

LOOK WHO'S WET!

THAT BETTER BE VODKA.

GET HER ONTO THE BAR!

BASHH

911

Chapter Eleven: Culling the Herd

...LIKE, SIX MINUTES UNTIL A YEAR.

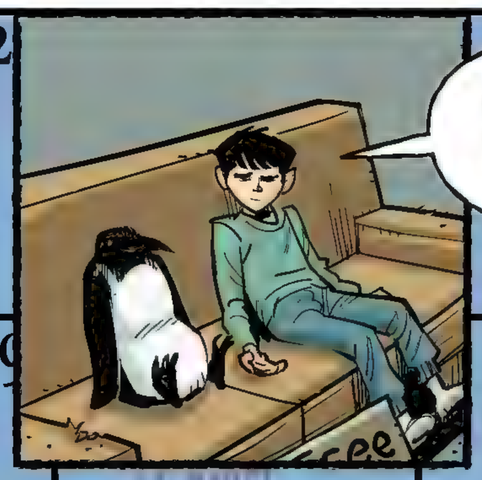
COME WITH US.

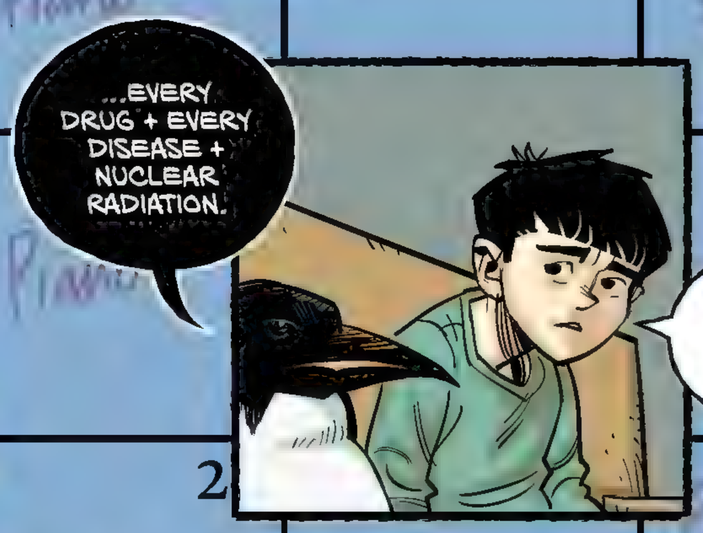
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...

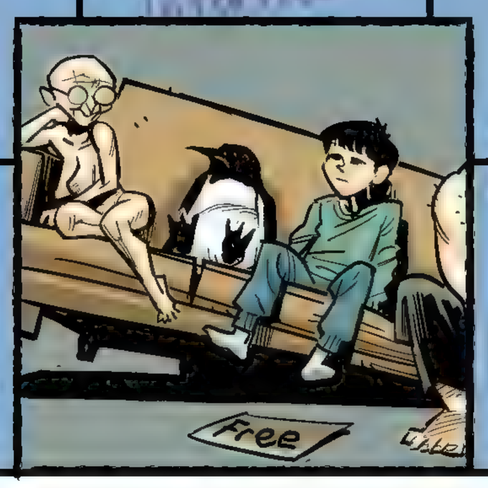
Die Off Endeavors

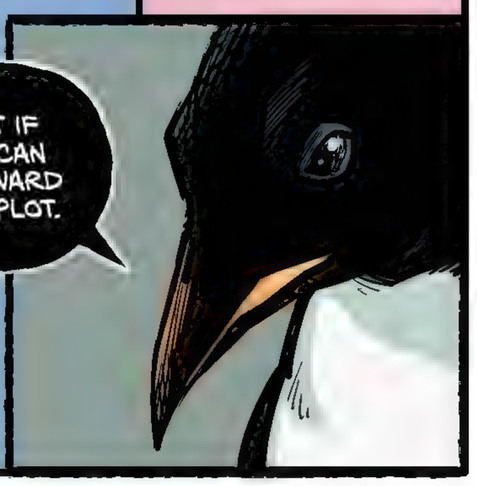
...CURRENT TALLY ONE MILLION SEVENTY-FIVE...

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1 All Saints Day	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					









I'M CURED!

THERE IS NO CURE.

WE'RE YOUR RESCUE DETAIL.

HOW CAN YOU RESCUE ME IF THERE'S NO CURE?

WE'LL ESCORT YOU TO A PLACE...

...WHERE THERE IS NO DEATH.

THE WAY YOU RESCUED PATRICK?

IT'S A BIO-ENGINEERED FORM OF **HEMORRHAGIC FEVER.**

ONE HUNDRED PERCENT KILL RATE.

EVEN IF A SO-CALLED **RECRUIT** TALLIES HIS MILLION...

E DAILY
ARION
SSENGER

EST. 1906

SEX
SEX
SEX

WE'LL GET YOU TO SAFETY.

THAT'S AN OFFICE SUPPLIES CLOSET.

deep-eep

deep-eep

deep-ee

XII

deep-eep deep-eep deep-eep

NOT FEELING SO HOT.

NO CLOSER, MA'AM.

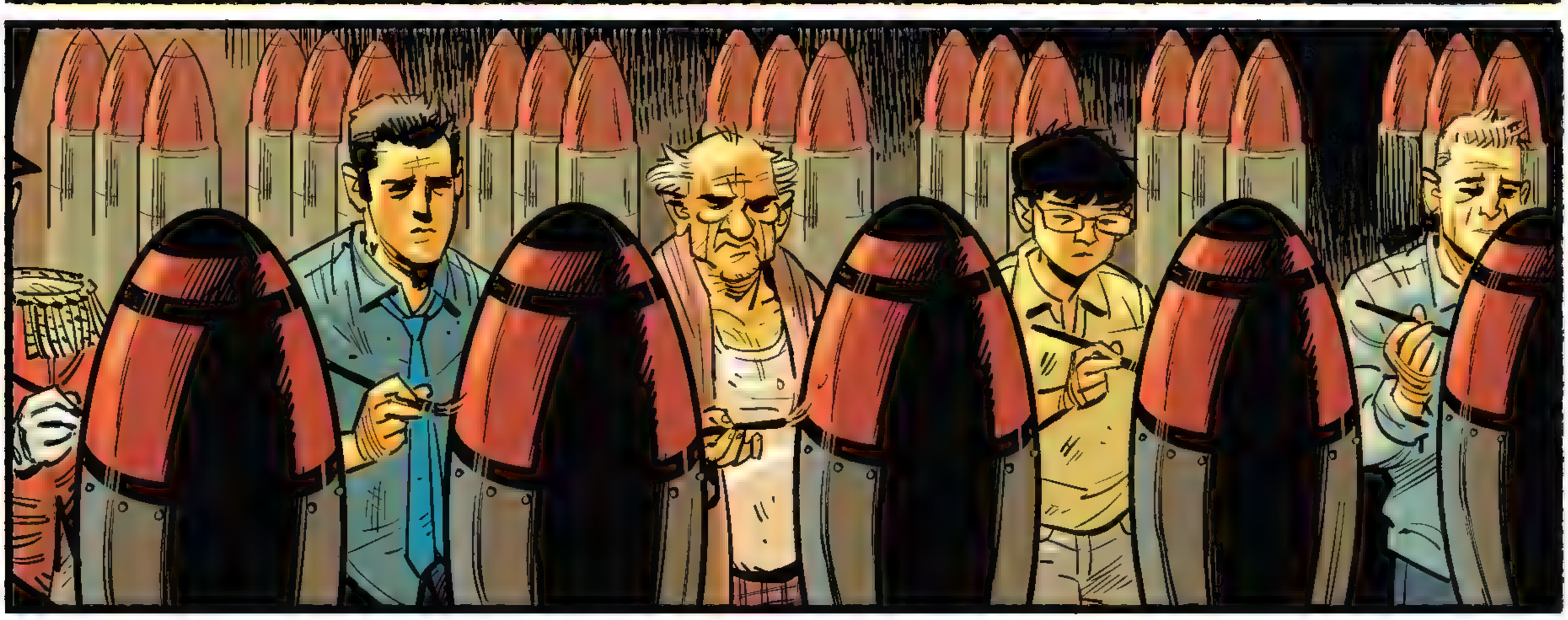
MISSION SCRUBBED.

POLICE, FIRE, OR MEDICAL?

911

NOT FAIR...

THE NATURE OF YOUR EMERGENCY?



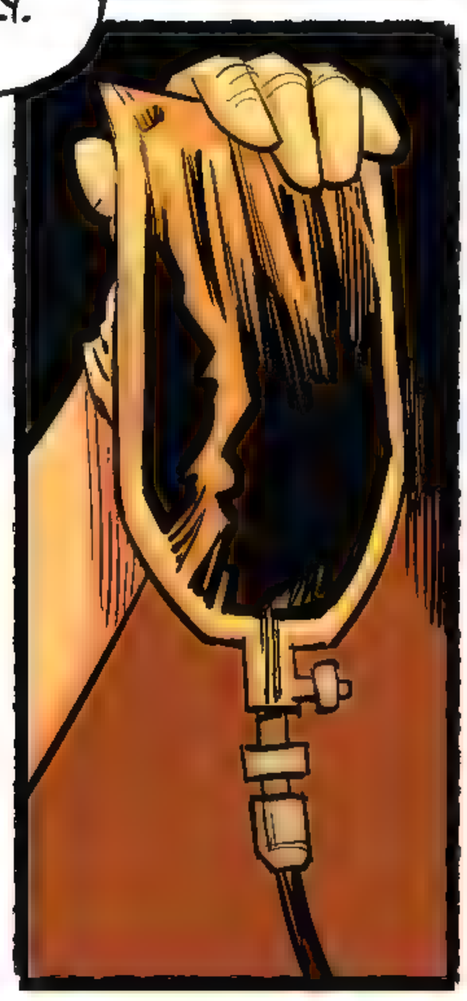
WHAT ISN'T FAIR?

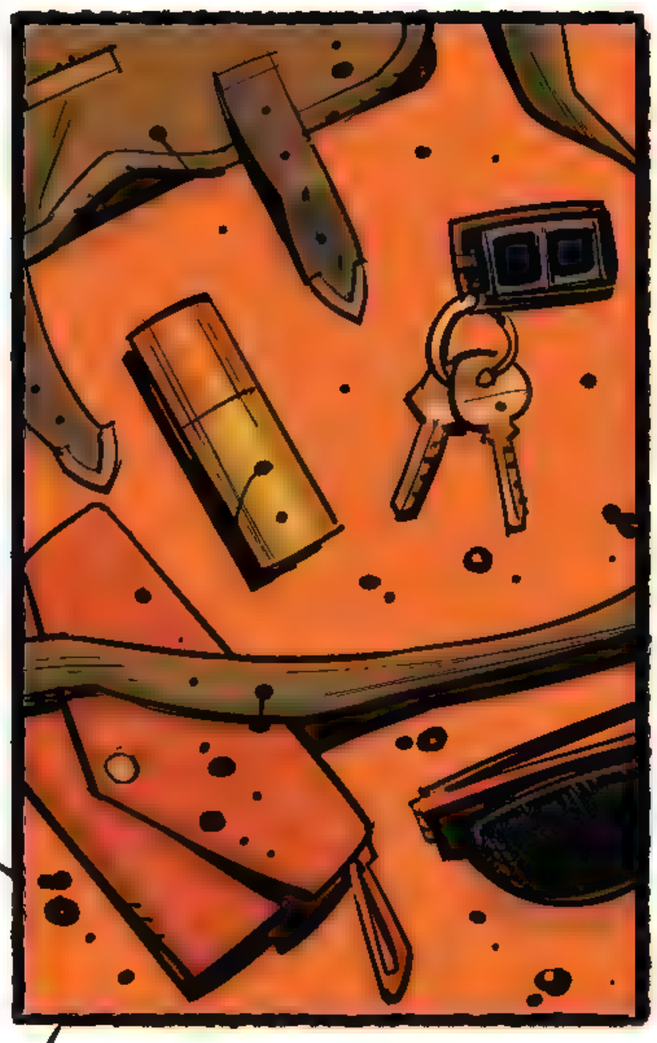
PLEASE HOLD.

911

SHE'S CLOTTING.

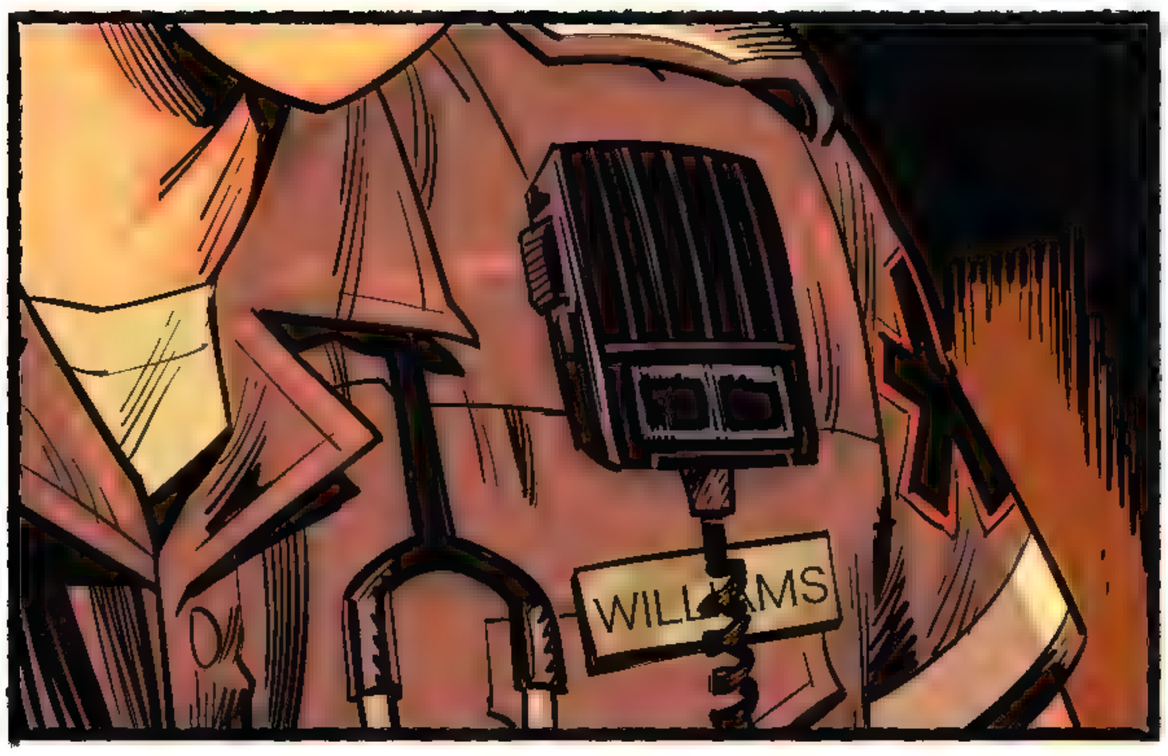
FINALLY.



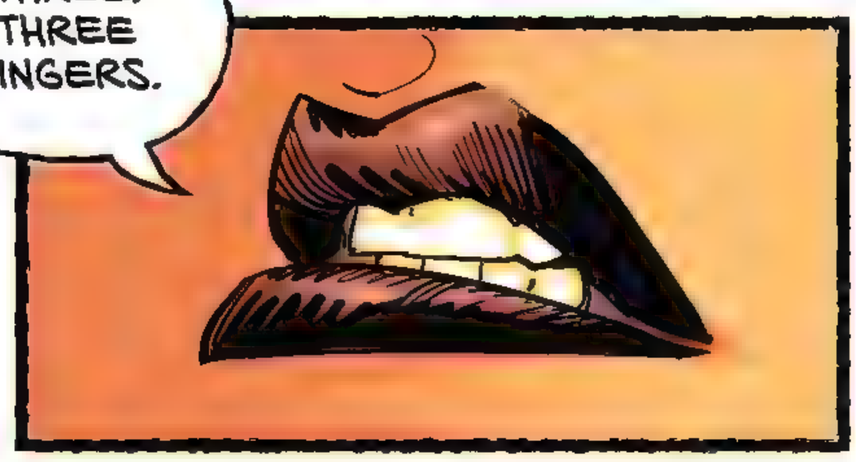


MA'AM, HOW MANY FINGERS?

READY TO TRANSPORT? OVER.



THREE. THREE FINGERS.



BWAH-WAWH-
WAH-BWA-WAHW-WAH-WAH
CONGRATULATIONS.
ON THE CONTRARY.
WAH-
WAH-
WAWH-
WAH-
WAHW-
WAH-
WAHHHH

HE'S YOUR SON.

HE'S NOBODY'S SON.

?!?

DUDE, WHERE'S HIS LITTLE...?

BWAH-WAWH-WAH-WAH BWAAA

IT'S GOT TO BE THERE!

...MORE COMFORTABLE DURING THE TRIP.

THE CAVE OF MY POWER ANIMAL...

WAH-WAWH-WAH-WAH BWA-WAH-WAH

YOU'RE MY POWER ANIMAL?

HHHISSSS

YOU?!

SOB

THE CHILD YOU HAVE CARRIED IS A MESSIAH...

HUMANITY HAS LABORED FOR MILLENNIA TO BRING THIS SAVIOR FORTH.

TYLER DURDEN HAS SERVED AS OUR ALLY IN THIS, OUR MISSION TO RESOLVE ALL CONFLICT AND BRING ALL OF CREATION TO AN ETERNAL BLISS.

HIS NAME IS ROBERT PAULSON.

SO, WAIT... YOU HAVE NO--

Remaining Men

--NO BALLS AT ALL?!

YOUR SON IS A FREAK?

A MESSIAH...?

YOUR SON IS A DAUGHTER.

PARAMEDIC

WHAT MISSION?

THE CRUSADES...

...A SCAM.

TO HIDE OUR REAL INTENT...

TO FOOL WHO?

WHOM.

"THROUGHOUT HISTORY...

"...HUMAN BEINGS ONLY PRETENDED...

"...TO WAGE WAR AMONGST THEMSELVES."

BUT WHY?

WE HAD THE MEANS TO INVADE.

WE JUST NEEDED BETTER WEAPONS.

EACH TIME...

RRUMMBBLL

KRAK

KRA-THOOM

WE USED THE WOOD TO CREATE GATEWAYS.

"DISGUISED AS PICTURE FRAMES."

UNTIL WE COULD INVADE.

WHERE?

CHRIST, WHAT DRUG DID YOU INJECT ME WITH?

SERIOUSLY, I AM SO HIGH!

YOUR CHILD...

WHILE TYLER THOUGHT HE WAS USING HUMANITY...

...WE WERE USING TYLER FOR OUR SALVATION.

FROM WHAT?

DING

HELP US.

DING

WHERE'S JUNIOR?

DING

WHY?

I WAS HANDSOME.

RICH.

I HAD A BRILLIANT MIND.

BUT SHE **STILL** SAID NO.

"HANDSOME"?

I FOLLOWED HER...

"SHE'D SURVIVED SO MANY DISEASES..."

...HAND-CUFFS AND PORNOGRAPHIC MOVIES...

"SHE'D HAD SO MANY... CONTACTS..."

GO CHLOE! GO CHLOE!

WE COULD BE THE NEGATIVE ADAM AND EVE--NOT THE FIRST MAN AND WOMAN, BUT THE **LAST**...

IF ONLY SHE'D SAID YES.

WHOM?

WHO.

WAIT... MY MOM?

...SEE OTHER PEOPLE.

bzzzz

WHAT IF YOU AND I WERE LAST BOY AND GIRL IN THE WORLD...

THEN... MAYBE.

YOU SEE--SO THERE'S STILL HOPE!

SO EVERYONE ELSE DIES?

EVEN ME...?

ESPECIALLY YOU.

Chapter Twelve: The End of the Beginning

SEX MAKES A COMEBACK!!!

SEX IS THE NEW NORMAL!

NEWS 5

THE CORRECT ANSWER IS... SEX!

SEX ON THE MOON WITHIN THIS DECADE!

DON'T FEEL SO HOT...

December

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		Piano	DAD, IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.		CALL HIM, DAD.	5
6	7 Garbage	8 Piano		1		12 Hannukah
1	1	1		17	18	19
2	2 Garbage	Piano		24	25 Christmas Day	26
	YOU HAVE A GRANDKID NOW.	A GRANDSON?!				
	2	Piano		31 New Year's Eve		

BOOSH

GOOSH

HWOOSH

Food Poisoning Epidemic

TIME

SEX is the NEW BLACK

WEEEOOOOWEEOO
JUNIOR...?
I CALLED HIM. HE'LL BE FINE WITH THE SITTER.

EMERGENCY

AMBULANCE

GOT A NAME YET?

Die Off

Boyers

Medical Insurance Card

2000 8

SPLOOSH

THINGS FALLING APART FAST.

BING

Jaelyn Caldwell
Marla Singer
Rick Merchant
D[illegible]lker
[illegible]
Nadia Duke
Cecilia Cantor
Allison Baker
Tatum Donovan
Brooklynn Wan
Jewe[illegible]
Abbey Jin
Sydnee Ste
Haven Conr
Jaylan Swa
Dulce Hay
Josie Ram
Elisabeth
Dominic
Caylee C
Mallory
Aleiand

BLING DING BING

IS MY LIFE...?

IS MY LIFE WORTH...?

SO, IS YOUR LIFE WORTH A **MILLION** LIVES?

SEX!

SEX SELLS BACK

DO I **WANT** TO JOIN SOME NEW WORLD?

WHAT ELSE IS THERE?

DING

CALL

BLING

LEONARD? TALK TO ME.

I'LL NEED A LICENSED CLINICAL SOCIAL WORKER...

COORDINATES CONFIRMED?

CHLOE?

COME WITH US.

I CAN'T...

LET ME DIE, FINALLY.

TYLER?

MESSIAH ARRIVED A-OKAY.

SIGN HERE.

THIS YOUR HUSBAND?

NO, JUST THE FATHER.

TYLER, IT'S FOR THE BEST.

WHAT CAN I DO TO MAKE YOU HATE ME, FOREVER?

TYLER?

DYING...

I DON'T HATE YOU, TYLER.

THAT'S THE PROBLEM.

Biological Mother's Signat
Marla Singer
Biological Father's Sign
TYLER DU

WE'LL EXPEDITE THIS.

clik

Paradise
MOTEL
VACANCY

WAK

I AGREE.

WITH WHAT?

IT WOULD BE VERY PROACTIVE...

WHAT?

I WANT YOU TO HIT ME AS HARD AS YOU CAN.

NUH-UH.

DON'T BE SEXIST!

RIGHT HERE!

NEVER.

MR. **CHAOS!** MISTER **ANARCHY!** TYLER DURDEN TRIES TO KILL **BILLIONS** AND HE'S NOT **TOUGH** ENOUGH TO PUNCH **ME,** THE MOTHER OF HIS **CHILD!**

IS IT BECAUSE YOU ACTUALLY **LOVE** ME, TYLER?!

DAD? YOU SHOULD SEE HER!

SHE'S A BEAUTY!

DAD, DON'T HANG UP...!

clik

Call Ended

CAN'T TEACH GOD ANYTHING...

WANT ME TO HATE YOU, TYLER...

YOU... WUSS.

...KIND OF SICK MASOCHISTIC GAME...?

HELP ME TO HATE YOU FOREVER.

SWACK

clikk

YOU'RE YOU!

FREEZE!

MASTERPIECE GAMBIT, OPERATION MADONNA RETRIEVAL COMPLETE.

I COPY.

WHERE'S...?

SLAM

YOU **KNEW**, AND YOU **STILL** SIGNED THOSE PAPERS...

YOU'RE ADDICTED TO TYLER.

YOU **HIT ME!**

TO **CURE** YOU!

HI!

!

RUNNING WOLF!

CHLOE?!

WHERE **ARE** WE?!

WHO CARES? I LOVE IT HERE!

ROOOAAR!

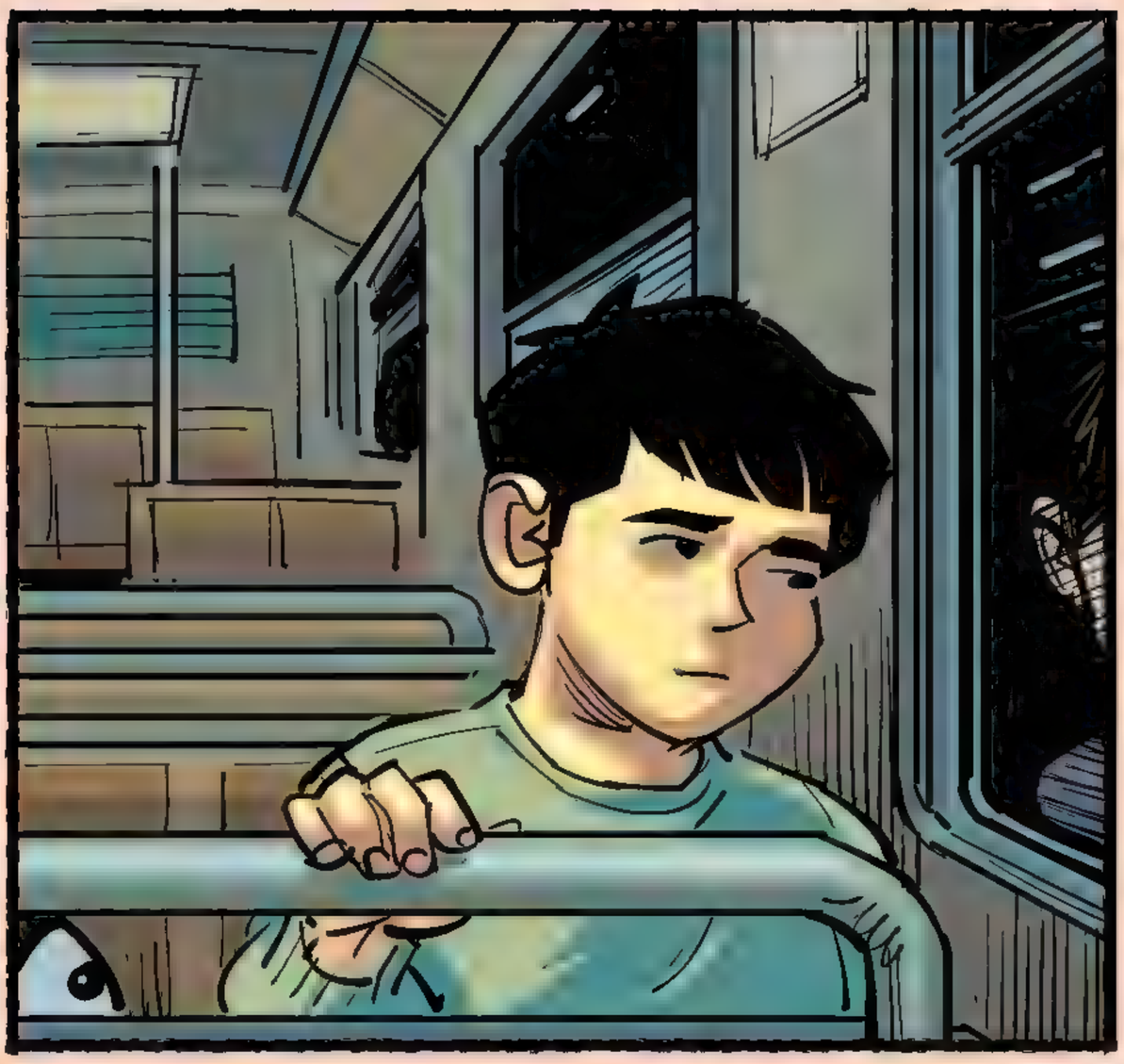
BOB.

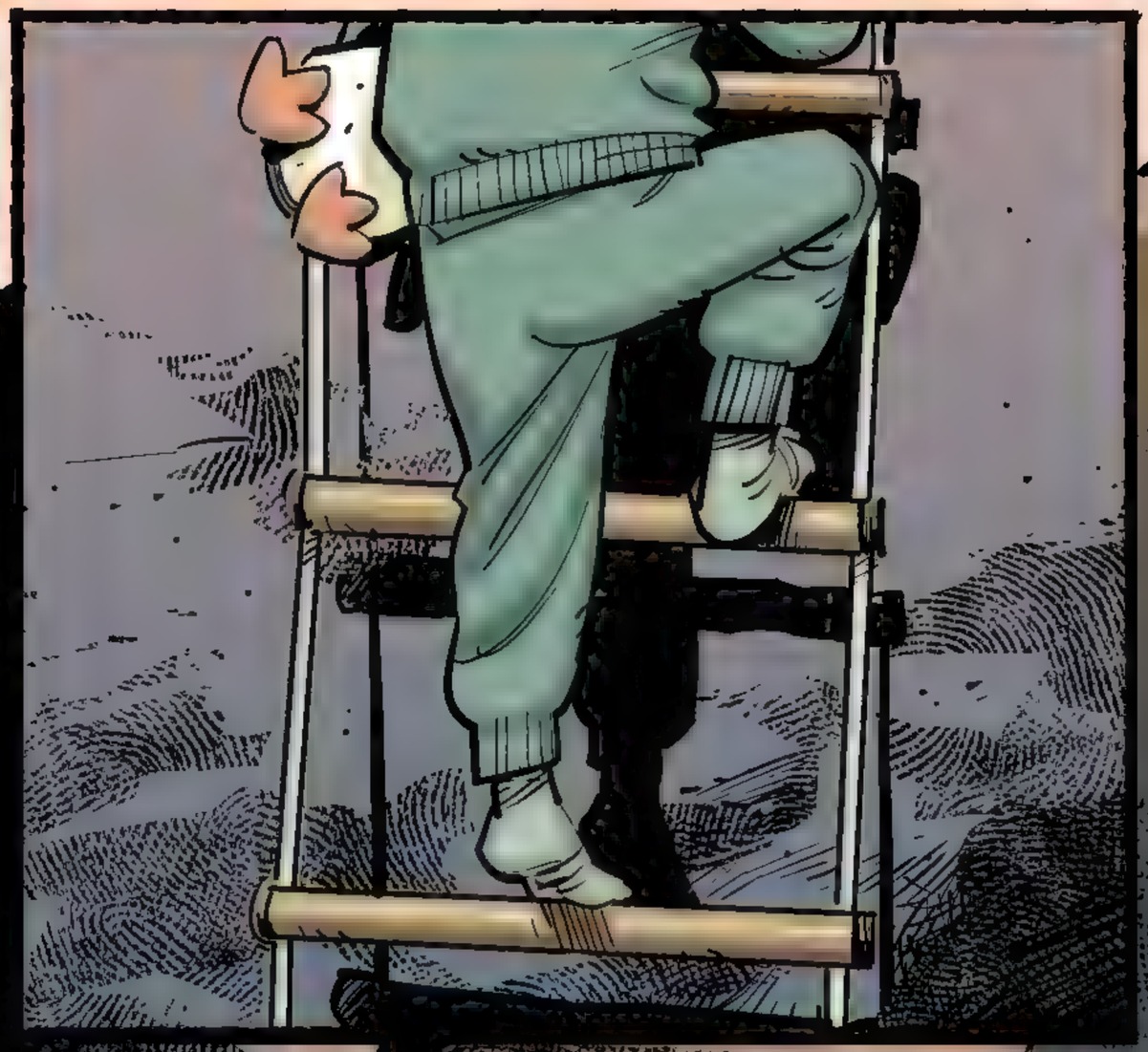
RROOOAR!

NOT BOB.

DADDY!

WHERE'S YOUR KID?





ARE WE DEAD?

WORSE THAN DEAD.

WHAT'S WORSE THAN DEAD?

I NEED A GATEWAY AT THE FOLLOWING COORDINATES...

RIGHT THIS WAY, PLEASE.

THEY'VE RELINQUISHED ALL CUSTODY.

Surgery

Elevators

Waiting

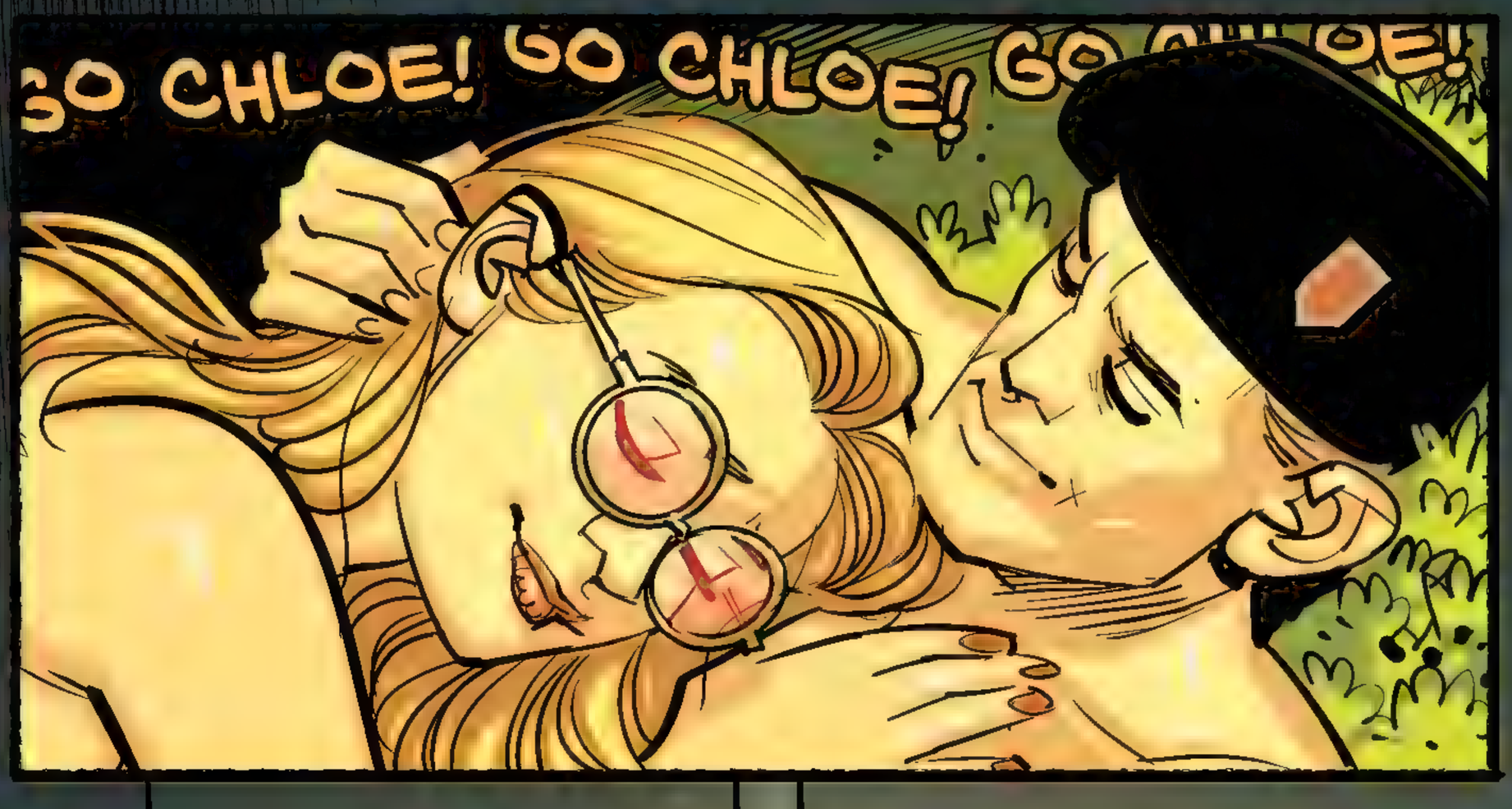
Rehabilitation

SEE YA IN THIRTEEN YEARS, KIDDO.

MEN

FROM NOW ON, YOUR NAME IS MADISON DESERT FLOWER ROSA PARKS COYOTE TRICKSTER...

...SPENCER.



The End

Fables™

Rize

Die

Duncan Fegredo

Cameron Stewart

A Blush Gentry Romance

SATAN'S Salvation

CHUCK PALAHNIUK CAMERON STEWART

FIGHT CLUB 3™

Colleen Coover

Life after death? Don't make me laugh!

Die Off

Duncan Fegredo

Kirbi Fagan

Duncan Fegredo

Photo by Adam Levey

Photo by Rohann Agalawatte

Photo by Allan Amato

CHUCK PALAHNIUK is the #1 New York Times Bestselling author of fifteen novels, all of them national and/or international bestsellers. He's also the author of the travel guide *Fugitives and Refugees* and the essay collection *Stranger than Fiction*. His coloring books include *Bait: Off-Color Stories for You to Color* and *Legacy: An Off-Color Novella for You to Color*. His most recent books are the memoir/guide to writing, *Consider This*, and the upcoming novel *The Invention of Sound*. He lives in the Pacific Northwest and on the web at chuckpalahniuk.net.

CAMERON STEWART is a comics writer and artist best known for his work on *Batman and Robin*, *Batgirl of Burnside*, *B.P.R.D.: Hell On Earth*, *Assassin's Creed*, *The Other Side*, and many more. His original graphic novel *Sin Titulo* won an Eisner Award and a Shuster Award and was nominated for Eagle, Harvey, and Stoker Awards. After living in Montreal, Victoria, Berlin, and Glasgow, he currently lives in his home city of Toronto. He still hasn't been in a proper fight, but that could change at any moment.

DAVID MACK is the New York Times Bestselling author and artist of *Kabuki* and *Daredevil*, and the cover artist of *Jessica Jones*, Neil Gaiman's *American Gods*, and Chuck Palahniuk's *Fight Club*. His work has been nominated for ten Eisner Awards, four International Eagle Awards, and many other national and international awards. His art has been featured in galleries in Paris, Brussels, Los Angeles, Chicago, and Tbilisi. In 2018 Mack was honored with the prestigious Inkpot Award for his Achievements in Comic Book Art.

Mack worked with Imaginary Forces on the credits for the *Jessica Jones* TV series, which garnered an Emmy Nomination for Outstanding Main Titles. Mack also created the art and concept for Sarofsky Designs' titles sequence for *Captain America: The Winter Soldier*, nominated for the Excellence in Titles Design Award at SXSW Film Festival. He's directed music videos for Amanda Palmer and Dashboard Confessional, and earned nominations from the Writers Guild of America and the Producers Guild of America for his work on Showtime's *Dexter Early Cuts*.

In 2016 the U.S. State Dept. sent Mack abroad as a Cultural Ambassador to teach storytelling across North Africa and Asia.

His most recent comics project is an original series with longtime collaborator Brian Michael Bendis, called *Cover*, from DC Comics. He's developing his series *Kabuki* for television with Sony.

DAVE McCAIG is an Inkpot and Shuster Award winning artist best known for his color work in comics and animation. Some notable projects have included color design on *The Batman* animated series, and coloring comics such as *Superman Birthright*, *Nextwave*, *Lucifer*, and *Low*. Dave currently hangs his hat in Toronto.

NATE PIEKOS graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree in graphic design from Rhode Island College in 1998. His font and logo designs can be seen worldwide, and he's the recipient of numerous awards, including the 2010 Rhode Island College Alumni Honor Roll Award for Success in the Field of Design. For almost twenty years, Nate has worked on some of the most high-profile projects for virtually every major publisher in the comic book industry, including Marvel Comics, DC Comics, Dark Horse Comics, and Image Comics. Outside the studio, Nate cooks, is a guitarist, plays RPGs, and loves a good horror novel. He's married to his college sweetheart, and together they live in the backwoods of Rhode Island with their faithful companion, Ace the Wonder Cat.

HELLO
MY NAME IS
BALTHAZAR

"Scabby and surreal."—Deadline

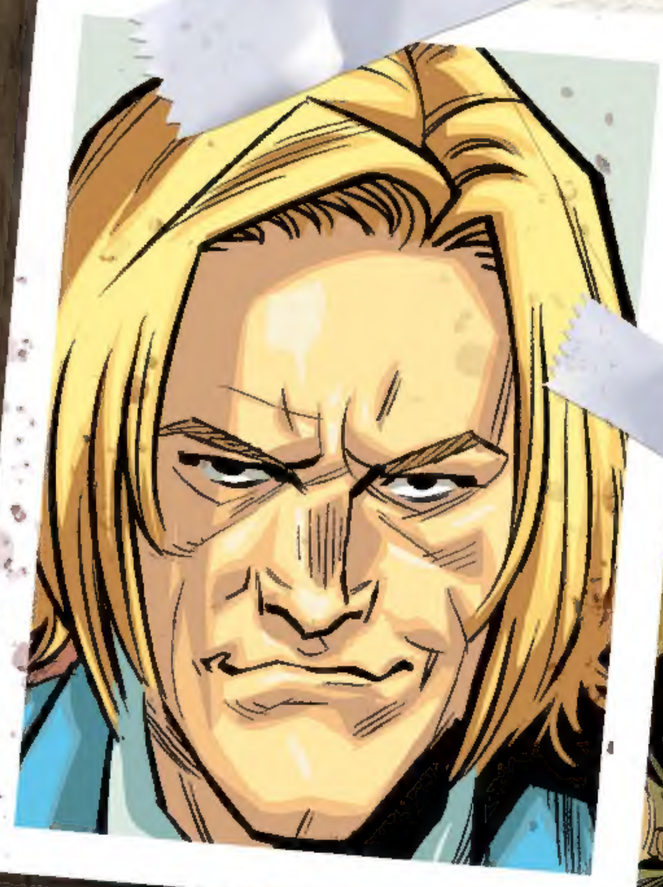
aily Record

CHUCK PALAHNIUK WRITES THE SEQUEL TO THE SEQUEL TO FIGHT CLUB!

"Whether you've been a fan since the nineties or were hooked by the jump to comics, you'll want to see what comes next in this highly unpredictable saga."—Paste Magazine

Marla Singer is about to deliver her second child, but the daddy isn't her husband—it's Tyler Durden, who's very invested in his heir, and the world he'll inherit. Marla, her first son, and her husband—the unnamed narrator in the novel, who now goes by Balthazar—live in a rundown motel with sketchy neighbors. In the *Fight Club 2* graphic novel, Tyler transformed Project Mayhem into Rize or Die—now, as a road to paradise presents itself, a new group has implemented a ruthless and deviant plan to fine-tune mankind, leading Balthazar to forge an unlikely alliance . . . with Tyler Durden.

"Stewart continues to do the *Fight Club* saga justice with his artwork . . . flies and all."—Rogues Portal



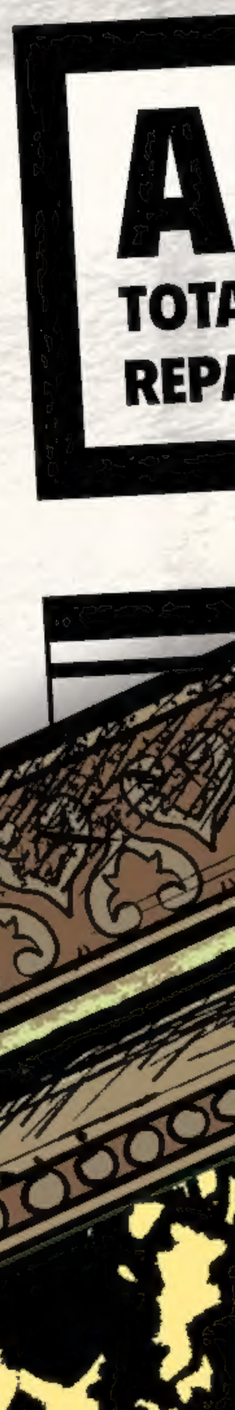
"Bold . . . Palahniuk doesn't give us what we want here but rather what we need. Namely a story that makes the reader think not just about what's going on but also about their own expectations of the archetypes portrayed in the story; the flies buzzing on the page hinting at a character's intent; the name drop of 'snowflake' for a caller I.D.; a subtle tattoo on the neck. All raising enough questions to leave us staring at every panel with the steely focus of a seasoned detective combing a crime scene for clues."—Big Comic Page

"*Fight Club 3* is everything that a sequel to a sequel should be. It elevates the dark themes of the novel and the first graphic novel to the next illogical, insanely violent step."—Comicon.Com

"…[T]he kind of provocative madness we would expect with Tyler's reappearance, where art struggles to keep up with a real world where those who have the keys to the asylum are now too vain and sociopathic to even attempt to hide their own lunacy."—Irvine Welsh, from his introduction

Have you contracted a disfigu[illegible] fungal infection on your genitals after using a Condor Airlines on-board toilet? If so, you might be eligible to collect financial compensation to offset your medical treatment, pain and suffering.

Please contact the law firm of Brittai[illegible] become part of this important [illegible]



SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"